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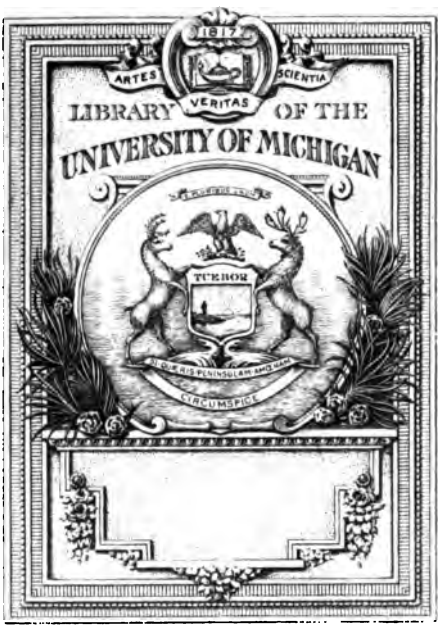
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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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1808.

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PAPERS

FROM

The Mirror.

A

PERIODICAL PUBLICATION,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS
1779 AND 1780.

PAPERS

FROM

THE MIRROR.

CONTINUED.

No. 101. TUESDAY, *April* 25, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

IN books, whether moral or amusing, there are no passages more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than those delicate strokes of sentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In these the poet, the novel-writer, and the essayist, have always delighted; you are not, therefore,

singular, for having dedicated so much of the Mirror to sentiment and sensibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in pushing these qualities too far; the rules of our conduct should be founded on a basis more solid, if they are to guide us through the various situations of life; but the young enthusiast of sentiment and feeling is apt to despise those lessons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a soul formed to regulate itself by finer impulses. I speak from experience, Mr Mirror; with what justice you shall judge, when you have heard the little family-history I am going to relate.

My niece, Emilia ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when she was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted universal notice; as

her mind opened, it was found not less worthy of admiration. To the sweetest natural disposition, she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding: these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I so far succeeded, that, in her eighteenth year, Emilia was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions, or in accomplishments of the mind. My fond hopes (for she was a daughter to me, Mr Mirror) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happiness as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was strongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling which she had inherited from Nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was con-

sistent with either justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a friend: Emilia had found one at a very early period. Harriet S—— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of Emilia. Harriet was nowise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate,

she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of Emilia; her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost entirely to each other; or what politeness forced them to bestow upon others, they considered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as possible. The world, a term which they applied indiscriminately to almost every one but themselves, they seemed to feel as much pride as happiness in being secluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and selfish minds, insensible of the

delights of feeling, of sentiment, and of friendship. These ideas were, I believe, much strengthened by a correspondence that occupied most of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were separated. Against this I ventured to remonstrate in a jocular manner, with Emilia; she answered me in a strain so serious, as convinced me of the danger of so romantic an attachment. Our discourse on the subject grew insensibly warm: Emilia at last burst into tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

That office was now Harriet's alone; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be entrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. Harriet became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of Marlow, an

officer of dragoons, who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man, who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confident, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of Harriet remained quite inexorable: nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to

arose from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom: where, as Harriet described their situation to Emilia, they found every wish gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. Emilia, soon after, went to see them in their new abode: her description of their happiness, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of Harriet's lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to Emilia's friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. Harriet, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret, on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house

from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from Emilia; I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one. I was answered rather angrily, by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of Harriet's family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feel-

ings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. Emilia was, as usual, the confident of her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of a second girl. After informing me of those disagreeable circumstances in which her Harriet was situated, Emilia told me she had formed the resolution of participating, at least, if she could not alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly to reside in her house. Though I had now lost the affections of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated in the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but Emilia would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment.

I could not so far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her Harriet. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for Harriet's that very evening.

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable: her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern, and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of Emilia enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to re-

sist, and which, her physicians informed Emilia, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, Marlow was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His conversion was now as violent as sudden. Emilia believed it sincere, because confidence was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favourite system. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr and Mrs Marlow: and the short while the latter survived, was passed in that luxury of reconcilement,

which more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. Harriet died in the arms of her husband; and, by a solemn abjuration, left to Emilia the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connections; and the charge which Emilia had received from her dying friend of her daughters, necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts, which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to Emilia. Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions

of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recal her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that sentiment, like religion, had its superstition, and its martyrdom. Every hardship she suffered she accounted a trial, every censure she endured she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of Marlow, had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of Harriet the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr Mirror, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill-accommodated to her

wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to distresses, which the prudent may blame, and the selfish may deride.

Let me warn at least where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this story, Sir. Tell them, there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings cease to be virtue; that the decisions of sentiment are subject to the controul of prudence, and the ties of friendship subordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONTIUS.

tain species of character, which we distinguish by the appellation of a *man of spirit.*

Lord Chesterfield says somewhere, that, to speak and act with spirit, is to speak rudely, and act foolishly: and his Lordship's definition is frequently right. At the same time, *spirit* may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and sentiment that deserves it: a person of virtue, dignity, and prudence, is, with much propriety, denominated a *man of spirit;* but by the abuse I complain of, *man of spirit* is, for the most part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of business, the term *spirit* is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and visionary speculations. Let a man be bold enough to risk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon schemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, sanguine amidst repeated losses, and dreaming of

wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a sort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future trust and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate *man of spirit*.

But these are not the most glaring instances of the monstrous perversion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of spirit, though it is not spirit, but want of judgment, and visionary impetuosity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, possess that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true spirit consists, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foresight, not want of spirit. But there is one set of men on whom the appellation is bestowed, whose conduct, for the most part, is, in every article, the reverse of dignity or spirit, and perfectly inconsistent with it.

The men I mean are those, who, by a train of intemperance and profusion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themselves to misery. Such men are common, and will be so, while vice, folly, and want of foresight, prevail among mankind. They have been frequently ridiculed and exposed by the ablest pens: and it is not the character itself that falls under my observation; it is the unaccountable absurdity of bestowing upon such characters the appellation of "men of spirit;" which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have squandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of ancestors.

The misapplication of the term is so completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the mischief that I am convinced has been occasioned by it. Youths entering on the stage of life are caught with the engaging appellation, "a man of spirit;" they become

[illegible] I acquire the [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

perate prodigal is, in every feature and every stage, the most diametrically opposite to a man of spirit. True spirit is founded on a love and desire of independence; and the two are so blended together, that it is impossible, even in idea, to separate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the most dependent of all human beings. He depends on others for amusement and company; and, however fashionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the course of his profusion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of supporting it; and when his race of prodigality is run, he suffers a miserable dependence for the support even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him "a man of spirit," when he is really in a state of servile indigence, with a broken constitution, without spirit, and without the power of exerting it;

with the additional reflection, of having himself been the cause of his distresses.

Nor is it only in the affirmative use of the term that I have to complain of its perversion: the same injustice takes place when it is applied in the negative. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a "man of spirit," may proceed sometimes from pity; but when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, especially if he happen also to be opulent, blamed as "wanting spirit," the accusation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my observation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whose purses are shut against their friends, and whose doors are barred against every body; such men certainly want spirit, and are, for the most part, defective in every virtue: but I am afraid that it often happens, that a person, benevolent to his friends, hospitable to the deserving, kind to his servants, and indulgent to his

children, is blamed as "wanting spirit," for no reason but because he is proof against the absurdities of fashion and vanity, because he guards against the tricks of the designing, despises the opinions and disapprobation of the foolish, and persists in that train of moderate economy, which he knows is best suited to his fortune and rational views.

Instead of wanting "spirit," such a character is the true idea of "a man of spirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he passes through life with an uniform steadiness and dignity. His moderation secures his independence, and his attention supplies the means of hospitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and distempered course, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and respectable industry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a shattered constitution, without for-

tune, and without friends, is in absolute want, or, at best, become the mean flatterer of some insolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himself, useful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not respect, his assistance to that very decayed prodigal, who had frequently characterised him as a man "of no spirit."

But it was not my purpose to delineate at length the character of a real "man of spirit."—I proposed only to explode a very absurd and mischievous abuse of an epithet that too generally prevails. I shall therefore conclude, with assuring those who are ambitious of being "men of spirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preserve it after their fortunes are spent, and their constitutions broken;

yet they will be "men of spirit" only nominally, and in the mouths of the world; in reality, and in their hearts, they will be the meanest, as well as the most unhappy, of mankind, lingering out a useless and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed disease, and extravagance and profusion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

My correspondent has confined his observations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuse of the term *spirit*, when applied to the men only. Might he not have extended his remarks a little farther, and traced the application of the phrase to the conduct and behaviour of the other sex? Perhaps, indeed, the character is not so universally in repute, as to come within the line of Moderatus's complaint; but the thing is more in

vogue than it seems to have been at any period of which my predecessors, who are a sort of chroniclers of manners and fashions, have preserved the history.

In London, to which place we are always to look for the "Glass of Fashion," the ladies, not satisfied with shewing their spirit in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this respect: some of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is seldom a crowded

play, or a full concert, at which some of our public speakers do not exert themselves with a most laudable spirit to drown the declamation of the stage, or the music of the orchestra.

Nor is the ambition of those spirited ladies satisfied with speaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor, or the tones of the musician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and in the side-box of the theatre, or the front-bench of the concert-room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much spirit of exhibition, that it is impossible the male part of the company should look at the scene, or think of the music. One of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their fans, so as to display certain little Cupids and Venuses which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the at-

upper boxes, thus addressing her companion: "Did you observe that pert, giggling, naked thing, in the stage-box? There is not a man in the house she cares a farthing for; and yet she has the assurance to look like one of us."

No. 105. TUESDAY, May 9, 1780.

THE winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its stay with us to a very unreasonable length, has, at last, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent sky; and many of my readers will now leave the business or amusements of the town, for the purer air and less tumultuous enjoyments of the country. As I have, now and then, ventured some observations on the manners and fashions of the former, I cannot forbear, from a friendly concern for those whom the season now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My last paper was intended for the serious perusal of country-gen-

tlemen. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter observations on some little failings, in point of manners, to which I have seen a propensity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in those who, though of the town, for the greatest part of the year, make their appearance, like the cuckoo, (I mean no offence by the comparison,) when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the first place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding-habit, or to astonish a country congregation with the height of her head-dress; and a gentleman, in like manner, to sport, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children agape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are privileges to which gentlemen

and ladies may be thought to have entitled themselves, by the expence and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence such people are apt to assume in conversation, which, I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of township, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of ton and fashion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedra*, (if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase,) yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lutestring, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends, who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, "That is singular enough, but it is nothing to what I heard from Miss B——, with whom I have corresponded ever since she went to London;" or, "This is very pretty, to be sure, but not to be compared to Mrs C———'s, which she had sent her in a present from Paris." This sort of brag-playing in conversation I have sometimes heard carried to a very disagreeable length,

... would be in a great measure pre-
... people were not to be allowed
... what they may have heard, or
... told, but to take consequence
... what they have seen. If we
... people are to be thus out-wondered
... report, there is an end of all order and
... in the matter. To borrow
... allusion from the game above
... I think it is but reasonable,
... wonders of persons from town
... take the same precedence of the
... people in the country,
... do of makers.

But ... sometimes from the opposite
... high an idea of the im-
... their town visitors, that the
... country are apt to fall
... It is wonderful to see
... into which the appearance
... carriage of a gentle-
... from town throws the
... female part of it, of

his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, such a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls to fetch their master from the field, and their mistress from the wash-house! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chambermaid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with some awkward apology, followed by a scold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-brush in view of the company. By and by appears the master of the house, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dress. After a long series of common enquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the visitors, and two or three messages up stairs from the mistress of the family; down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half stuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons stiff from the folds. Here follows a second course of

the same questions and answers, which being closed by an observation of the late hour from the one side, and some strictures on the shortness of town-visits from the other, the company are suffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people, who were at such pains to make themselves fit, as they thought, to be seen by them. Let these last remember, that there is a style, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanliness they owe to themselves; an imitation of the fashionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; most of these, indeed, are quite preposterous in the country: it is only when people get into crowds, that they are at liberty to make fools of themselves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, desired the city emigrants not to carry the town into the country; so I must intreat their country friends not to forget, that the others have but lately ar-

rived there. Their relish for draining, ditching, hedging, horse-hoeing, liming, and marling, and such other branches of the fine arts, as an afternoon's conversation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by seven months residence in the region of amusement and dissipation. The like caution will apply to those female orators, who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking, with dissertations on the cow-house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are some topics which may be introduced, at that season, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a sparing and moderate use ; I mean those little lectures on morality, sometimes known by the name of scandal. In these the town ladies, however, have some advantage, as their subjects are often such as may be reckoned fair game, persons of whom the world has a

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the offence-takers, a species of people I have observed more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply versed in the science of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning visits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtsies. I have been astonished to find the circle of my acquaintance so circumscribed as I have sometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houses of one-half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally estranged from the other by neglects of himself, affronts to his wife, squabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toasts at county-meetings after the second bottle.

This disease of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in some places every seventh year, or sometimes it returns a

little sooner by royal proclamation. As this summer may probably be the season of its recurring with violence, I take the present opportunity of warning my readers against the company of the infected; and even to these a regimen of temper and good manners may be found a very powerful and salutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very disagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into scurrility and abuse, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their consequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly observe, that the period of their canvass is not the proper time for indulging any such freedoms in conversation or behaviour. When the contest is determined, the losers have some sort of privilege for railing; the successful candidates, as things go now-

a-days, should keep all their foul language for that place to which the suffrages of their constituents are to send them.

No. 107. SATURDAY, *May* 16, 1780.

And love and war take turns, like day and night.
ROWE.

IN every art and science, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by specious theories and delusive speculation. Learned men, in the solitude of their studies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into easy and constant practice. But those who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonstrator, is sadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is something, however, so delightful in this art of theory-building, that the experience of a thousand disappointments will never be able to extinguish it. Nor, indeed, should any body wish for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the person who builds is delighted with the expectation of success, and that other people are often little less pleased with tracing the disappointment. The last are flattered by seeing the superiority of science thus levelled and brought down; the first solaces himself by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and shutting his closet-door, returns to fresh theories and new speculation.

In the course of my reading, I have met with two theoretical descriptions, which pleased me so much by the appearance they exhibited of self-satisfaction in the sages who composed them, that I cannot resist the desire of laying them before my readers in this day's pa-

great space, th uneasy and un-
quiet, and th ly denying all allo-
giance to t n, whereof he hath
sworn to be free, eth secretly wher
he can again s ance of her lovely
face, by one look hich being, as he
deemeth, encour to better hope, he
reneweth his suit th fresh warmth, re-
nouncing his past re llion as a grievous
sin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold
increased love. Nevertheless she, willing
to shew her power, thus marvellously con-
firmed and increased, emeaneth herself as
haughtily as before, and, haply, to punish
his late treasonous lapse and falling off,
seemeth to cast upon others more soft
and favourable looks; whereat our lover,
being stung with envy and jealous wrath,
doth encounter the chiefest of his rivals
with sharp and angry words, which grow-
ing into keener and more deadly rage,
they agree to decide which is the worthiest
by trial of arms; and having met, in some

retired place, either on horseback or on foot, attended by their squires, a furious combat ensueth, in which the valour of both shineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more especially inflamed and spurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both sides, our lover doth, with difficulty, master his adversary, to whom he sheweth no less courtesy in defeat, than fierceness in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath shewed as much grief and pity as beseemeth a modest maiden to shew for man, he appeareth before her, his arm scarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loss of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveness for past faults, and voweth constancy and love, not shorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while she, without speaking a word, doth, by looks and silent blushes, in some sort confess

herself propitious to his vows; whereof having passed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wishes, and obtaineth her consent to be his wedded wife. Lastly, their noble parents being well satisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated with much ceremony and pomp, at the castle of the bride's princely father whereat there is all manner of good cheer of dancing, and of minstrelsy for many days."

This theory of ancient love and courtship, instead of simplifying the matter makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at least, it is actually found. The lover, now-a-days, finds but little of that stately pride and maiden shyness above described; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his mistress, nor to meet any rival attended by his squire, nor to suffer wounds and loss of blood for her sake, nor to go through

a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, say a few soft things to her in plain prose, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and settlements, and so proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as short or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The second theoretical description, which I shall lay before my readers, is so far different from the first, that it renders a very confused and intricate business, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meanest capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinct-

ness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a battle, given by the ingenious Mr A. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, under the word *battaille*.

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

"The two armies being in sight, the cannon roar on each side; and the signal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals shew their intrepidity, by preserving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion, and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and show extraordinary valour and judgment; and seconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way, break through batta-

lions, and bear down squadrons. Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, they resolutely sustain the effort of the enemy; and the generals being informed by their aids-de-camp of what passes on that side, cause succours to march thither with all speed, revive the spirits of the soldiers by their presence, rally the broken battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulse the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had lost, retrieve the whole affair, pursue the enemy close, trample them under foot, or ride over them, entirely disable them, put all that resist to the sword; and, after having sustained continual discharges of cannon and small shot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cause a retreat to be sounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air resounds with the flourishes of trumpets."

The above description is contained in an edition of Mr Boyer's learned and useful work, now become exceedingly scarce. It is there given in French and English; but I choose to publish the translation only, as I mean it for the sole use of our British commanders, from whose practice, at the time of its first publication, about the beginning of this century,) the [illegible] was probably taken. Perhaps, [illegible] campaigns, our generals had [illegible] other dictionaries, containing a [illegible] more animated and decisive definition [illegible] than that which I have [illegible] from the ingenious Mr Boyer.

No. 108. SATURDAY, *May* 20, 1780.

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.
SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ———, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something beside pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and es-

teem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which

happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of recipes in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after

some days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her mother died," said he, "the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

[illegible] Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a [illegible] proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of [illegible] from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were [illegible] by Sir Edward; and the family-concerts of Venom were very different from what they had formerly been, [illegible] was so far recovered [illegible] in them. The flute [illegible] excelled all the other music of the valley. His daughter's lute was much [illegible]. Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings: science, taste, sentiment! it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most enga-

ging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could,

to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad." Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature,

would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it. "To marry, where one cannot love—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!" It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her

heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reach-

ed a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. "Are you not well, Sir Edward?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken. "I am ill indeed," said he, "but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish

ture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. "This," said he, "if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be wretched."

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. "Oh! Sir Edward!" said she, "What—what would you have me do?" He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

No. 109. TUESDAY, *May* 23, 1780.

THE virtue of Louisa was vanquished but her sense of virtue was not ove come.—Neither the vows of eternal f delity of her seducer, nor the consta and respectful attention which he pa her during a hurried journey to En land, could allay that anguish which s suffered at the recollection of her pas and the thoughts of her present situatio Sir Edward felt strongly the power of h beauty, and of her grief. His heart w not made for that part which, it is pr bable, he thought it could have perform ed: it was still subject to remorse, t compassion, and to love. These emo tions, perhaps, he might soon have ove come, had they been met by vulgar vi lence, or reproaches; but the quiet ar

unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa, nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendour of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures, if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes, and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and com-

monly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune, and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This

scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear.

But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure, which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impres-

sion, a hand organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute, and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into

his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion. "I come not to upbraid you," said Venoni; "I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child; to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy; else why that

No. 110. SATURDAY, *May* 27, 1780.

Extremum concede laborem. VIRG.

As, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so, in the concluding number of a periodical publication, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own

situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the last, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the Mirror did not admit of much personification of its editor; the little disguise he has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a periodical paper in Edinburgh, took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connection brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: the

writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence, that such a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that, at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from correspondents has been considerable. To them the Mirror is indebted for the following

papers; the 8th, the note from *Ignoramus* in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed *Adelus* in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th, (except the short letter at the end,) the first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the first letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th, (except the letter signed *Evelina*,) the 97th, and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of some of their correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to the work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgments, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which

they were to appear, seemed to rend
necessary.

The situation of the authors of the M
ner was such as neither to prompt mu
ambition of literary success, nor to cre
much dependence on it. Without t
assistance, they had scarcely ventured
send abroad into the world a performan
the reception of which was liable to
much uncertainty. They foresaw ma
difficulties, which a publication like t
Mirror, even in hands much abler th
theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the times, they were sen
how very inauspicious to a work
this sort. In a conjuncture so critical
the present, in a period so big with
mous danger and public solicitude,
was not to be expected that much att
tion should be paid to speculation or
sentiment, to minute investigations
character, or pictures of private manne
A volume which we can lay aside and

sume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But, exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavourable to the Mirror. That secrecy which they thought it necessary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we had not ventured to trust; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The place of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain distance at which writings, as

[illegible] should be pleased, in order to [illegible] our attention and respect. We [illegible] allow a title to instruct or [illegible] the public in our neighbour, [illegible] accustomed to [illegible] our own abilities. Hence the [illegible] with which, in a place so [illegible] in Edinburgh, home productions [illegible]; which, if they [illegible] are pronounced dull; if patho[illegible] are called [illegible]; if ludicrous, are [illegible]. In the circle around him, the man of business sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius few who are able to be [illegible]; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names, is liable alike to the censure of the grave, and the sneer of the witty. Even Folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure.

This desire of levelling the pride of au-

horship, is in none more prevalent than n those who themselves have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescrip- ive title to criticism; and, though esta- lished literary reputation commonly sets nen above the necessity of detracting rom the merit of other candidates for ame, yet there are not wanting instances f monopolists of public favour, who wish ot only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are villing to confine its influence within the ale of their own circle, or their own pa- ronage. General censure is of all things he easiest; from such men it passes un- xamined, and its sentence is decisive; ay, even a studied silence will go far to mother a production, which, if they have ot the meanness to envy, they want the candour to appretiate with justice.

In point of subject, as well as of recep- tion, the place where it appeared was un- favourable to the Mirror. Whoever will examine the works of a similar kind that

have preceded it, will easily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amusement, and circumstances of reigning fashion. But, with us, besides the danger of personal application, these are hardly various enough for the subject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a sort of classic privilege in the very names of places in London, which does not extend to those of Edinburgh. The Canongate is almost as long as the Strand, but it will not bear the comparison upon paper; and Blackfriars-wynd can never vie with Drury-lane, in point of sound, however they may rank in the article of chastity. In the department of humour, these circumstances must necessarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, because the number is much greater of those who can laugh, than of those who can think.

To add to the difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon easy terms with one, of whose title to make them laugh they are not apprised. A joke in writing is like a joke in conversation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome these difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the public, the public will judge; as to themselves, they may be allowed to say, that they have found it an amusement of an elegant, and, they are inclined to believe, of an useful kind. They imagine, that, by tracing the manners and sentiments of others, they have performed a sort of exercise which may have some tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that society which was formed by this publication, they have drawn somewhat closer the ties of a friendship, which they flatter themselves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not

unpleasing, of the literary adventure by which it was strengthened and improved.

The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their volumes as they give their papers, to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If in this hope the authors of

the Mirror may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE same reasons which, during the publication of the Mirror, made the Authors anxious to be concealed, and which are hinted in the last paper of that work, made them equally solicitous to be unknown during the publication of the Lounger. For this reason, during the time of this last publication, the circumstance of the Authors of these two works being the same, was endeavoured to be concealed from the Public, and several papers were industriously written on the contrary supposition. At the close of the publication, the reasons for that concealment ceased; and therefore, in the concluding Number of the Lounger it is admitted, and in this edition announced, to be by the Authors of the Mirror.

PAPERS

FROM

THE LOUNGER.

No. 1. SATURDAY, *February 5*, 1785.

J'y goûte avec plaisir
Les charmes peu connus d'un innocent loisir:
Toujours occupé sans avoir rien à faire.

DESTOUCHES.

NOTHING is perhaps so difficult as to find out business proper for the idle: and, though it may appear paradoxical, yet I believe none have so much need of it as they. The man who is professionally employed, in whatever department, goes on in the track which habit has marked out for him, at peace with his own

thoughts and the world; but he whom every passing moment reproaches with doing nothing, must often fly for relief to very useless or very unworthy occupations. He will often be dissipated without amusement, and intemperate without pleasure, merely because dissipation is preferable to vacancy, and intemperance to listlessness.

There is, however, a kind of men, whom accident has thrown out of the business of life, and whom temperament, if not virtue, keeps out of the dissipation of it, who hold a station of less destructive and more dignified indolence, whom the company of their own thoughts renders independent of vulgar society, and the vigour and variety of whose imagination free from the necessity of resorting to frivolous or censurable amusements. Among the first sort, the transition is easy from the yawn of inanity to the roar of riot and intemperance; but persons of the

latter description, idle in conduct, but of active minds, as they seldom experience the uneasiness of the one, seldom incur the blame of the other.

As far as the freedom from dissipation extends, the writer of the present paper thinks he may lay claim to the last of those characters. It were needless, and indeed improper, to trouble his readers with the history of those incidents in his life which have thrown him out of the number of the professionally busy. Some untoward circumstances in point of fortune, and some feelings, perhaps blameable from their nicety, drew him, at an early period of life, out from among the bustle of mankind; but without the misanthropy that arises from disgust, or the despondency that is sometimes the consequence of disappointment.

Those incidents, however, did not abridge, but perhaps rather increased, the extent of his society. Within the pale

any time I felt the undignified sound of the name, yet I took credit with myself, on the other hand, for not deserving it. It flattered a secret pride to be somewhat more than the world thought me.

Of generic names, indeed, people are not always very scrupulous in the application, and therefore I could easily pardon those who ranked me under the class of men which the title of Lounger distinguishes. He whose walks are pointed neither to the resorts of the merchant, the lawyer, the soldier, or the churchman, it may fairly be supposed, has no motive for them at all; and the first of any of those professions who crosses him in his way, will accuse him of being a Lounger. He will still more seem to deserve that name, if he frequents their places of meeting without having any business congenial to those places.

The same superiority will be assumed by the professedly idle as by the profes-

tionally busy. In the haunts of amusement and of pleasure, the man who does not warmly worship the deity of the place, will be accounted a supernumerary by his votaries. At balls and card-parties I have as frequently heard myself called a Lounger, as on Change or in courts of law.

Abroad, for I was prevailed on by a friend to accompany him for some time on his travels, I was not just called a Lounger, the French and Italian languages not possessing an exactly synonymous term, and those which approach nearest to it not being respectful enough to be applied to a stranger. Both nations indeed are idle with so much activity, and contrive to do nothing, and to say nothing, with so much interest in their looks, and so much movement in their gestures, that it is no wonder the word should not find a place in their vocabulary; but they too marked some traces of my character; though, as is their custom, they tacked a

compliment to their draught of it. "*Monsieur,*" said the Abbé ——, at a petit souper of Madame de V———'s, at Paris, "*Monsieur est quelquefois Rêveur, mais toujours intéressant, toujours aimable!*"

On all those occasions, however, I was not quite so idle as those around me imagined. Like Alfred in the Danish camp, I harped for them, but observed for myself; and like him too, enjoyed my observation the more that it was secret and unsuspected. If this resemblance should convey some idea of treachery, of advantage over those with whom I associated, let it be known, at least, that in the use of it I was perfectly inoffensive. The Lounger is one of the best-natured characters in the world, even in the sense in which I allow the term to apply to myself. 'Tis the player who frets, and scolds, and is angry: the looker-on sees more errors in the play; but he applies them on-

ly to the theory of the game, and thinks but little of the party who commits them.

As a Lounger, I had from my earliest age been fond of books, and sometimes ventured to write when I was tired of reading. A Lounger of the sort I could wish to be thought, is one who, even amidst a certain intercourse with mankind, preserves a constant intimacy with himself; it is not therefore to be wondered at, if he should sometimes, if I may be allowed the expression, correspond with himself, and write down, if he can write at all, what he wishes this favourite companion more particularly to remark. Exactly of this sort are the notes and memorandums I have sometimes been tempted to make: transcripts of what I have felt or thought, or little records of what I have heard or read, set down without any other arrangement than what the disposition of the time might prompt. These little papers formed a kind of new society, which

I could command at any time, without stirring from my fire-side. It was, of all sorts of company, the most fitted for a Lounger; company in which he could be unaccommodating without offence, and inattentive without incivility.

The idea of giving those trifles to the world in the form of periodical essays, is an effort beyond the usual force of my character. Unknown, however, as a man, and new as an author, the Lounger risks but little either in censure or in praise. There is a censure, indeed, and a suffrage, which no man can escape, to which one of his disposition is peculiarly liable, I mean that of his own mind. He trusts his publication will be such as to risk nothing on this ground; it is the only promise which he will venture on its behalf. It may be gay without wit, and grave without depth, when its author is dispossd to gaiety or to thought: but while it endeavours to afford some little amuse-

ment by the one, or some little instruction by the other, it will, at least, be harmless in both.

No. 2. SATURDAY, *February* 12, 1785.

THE precepts of the moralist and philosopher are generally directed to guide their disciples in the great and important concerns of life, to incite to the practice of cardinal virtues, and to deter from the commission of enormous crimes: The advices of wisdom and experience point out the road to success and to honour in stations of public consequence, or in nice and important circumstances of private duty.

In the earlier periods of society, a very simple code of morality and of rectitude was all that was necessary. To controul the violence of the stronger passions, to prescribe the rules of distributive justice, and to inculcate the duties of active hu-

manity, was the proper and essential province of the instructor, as well as of the legislator. At first, indeed, these two characters would be nearly the same; legislation embracing all that was required of morality, and morality having no range beyond that of the laws. And even when man advanced to a certain point, where the doctrine of morals went beyond the legal rules of conduct; yet that would contain incentives to the exertion only of principal and leading virtues, in certain modes and situations, which the law could not foresee, and for which it could not provide.

In a state of society so advanced as ours, (for it is needless to trouble my reader with the intermediate gradations,) every one will see the necessity of a nicer and more refined system of morality. The family of the social virtues, like the genealogical tree of an extensive ancestry, spreads with the advancing cultivation of

mankind, till it is branched out into a numerous list of collateral duties, many of which it needs an acute discernment to trace up to their source; and some acknowledge their connection, without being able to unravel their pedigree.

The study of those lesser branches of duty and of excellence is called the science of *manners;* but our language has no word to distinguish the teacher of it. As *moralist* is applied to the teacher of the more important obligations, so *mannerist* should have been the denomination of him who inculcates the lesser, had not that word been already appropriated to a very different meaning.

But however the professors of the art may be distinguished, its importance will not be denied. It is seldom that in more essential points of duty men of a certain class are deficient. In most particulars, the obligations of morality are aided by the ties of honour, and the fear of punish-

ment enforced by the dread of shame. But in the smaller offices of social life, men may be wanting in their duty, without incurring either punishment or obloquy. The decalogue (if the phrase may be allowed) of manners, the laws of civility, of gentleness, of taste, and of feeling, are not precisely set down, and cannot easily be punished in the breach, or rewarded in the observance: And yet their observance forms, amidst the refinement of modern society, an important part of our own happiness and of that regard we owe to the happiness of others. To practise them is somewhat difficult; to teach them is still more so: Yet it is an art which, though difficult, does not always obtain the honours of difficulty. The pictures which it exhibits must be drawn in those middle tints which it requires a nice pencil to hit; and yet, when attained, they acquire but a small portion of that applause which stronger colouring and

deeper shades are calculated to procure. It is not easy to define that right which our neighbour possesses to general complacency, or to little attentions; nor to mark with precision that injury we do, those wounds we inflict, by a contrary behaviour; and yet the favour in the first, and the wrong in the latter case, is often as strongly felt as in the serious exertions of kindness or malevolence. I have known a friend acquired for life by a trifling civility in a crowded theatre; and a lasting enmity created by a boisterous laugh, or a mutilated bow.

Amidst weighty business indeed, and momentous concerns, such things do not easily find place. But the number of those who are within their reach more than compensates for the consequence of the few who are beyond it. It is but a very small proportion of men who can move in the sphere of government, or of greatness; but scarce any body is ex-

empted from peri
lations of ordinary
class, the reward
bours consists ofte
coming down with
of the latter; like
who looks forwar
shall undo his tra
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his family fire-side

A periodical pap
times lift its voice
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The greater virtues
but many of the les

of custom is not always that of right; and it is the privilege of such a work, as well as one of its chief uses, to attack the entrenchments of fashion, whenever she is at war with modesty or virtue.

Of this study of manners, the Lounger had early discovered the use and the necessity. He, who seldom quits the walk of a particular science or occupation, has a determined object in his view, the pursuit of which leaves little time for scattering attentions around him, and always affords some apology for the neglect of them. But for such neglect, the man of no profession cannot so easily be excused, who has neither the hurry of business to occupy his time, nor its embarrassments to distract his thought. It is not, however, by the etiquette of a court, or the ceremonial of a drawing-room, that this virtue is to be regulated. Genuine excellence here, as every where else, springs from nature, and is to be cultivated only,

not created, by artificial instruction. There is more complacency in the negligence of some men, than in what is called the good breeding of others; and the little absences of the heart are often more interesting and engaging than the punctilious attention of a thousand professed sacrificers to the graces.

Idleness, or that species of little occupations which is attached to no particular business or profession, is a state more difficult to support than is generally imagined. Even the perfect idler, like some other harmless and insignificant animals whom naturalists are acquainted with, though he can live on air, cannot subsist *in vacuo:* And the idler of a higher sort needs perhaps more ideas, more store of mind about him, than would go to the furnishing of twenty brains of mere plodding men of business.

The Lounger feels for the family of the idle in all its branches, however distant

their relation to that of which he owns himself descended. To them, therefore, his lucubrations will in a particular manner be adapted. To those in whom the want of active employment has not relaxed the power of thought, they may afford some opportunity for speculation; and even to that prodigal of mind as well as time, who has forgotten how to think, the few moments required for the perusal of them, will be, at least, a small portion of life harmlessly spent, and, it may be, saved from less innocent employments.

No. 4. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1785.

Laudator temporis acti.——JUVENAL.

"GET thee a place, for I must be idle," says Hamlet to Horatio at the play. I is often so with me at public places: am more employed in attending to th spectators, than to the entertainment; practice which, in the present state o some of our entertainments, I frequentl find very convenient. In me, however it is an indolent, quiet sort of indulgence which, if it affords some amusement t myself, does not disturb that of any othe body.

At an assembly at which I happened to be present a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman

with what is called a fresh look for his age, dressed in a claret-coloured coat, with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waistcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited, (that looked, however, as if the fashion had come to them, rather than that they had been made for the fashion;) his white silk stockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his shoes with high insteps, buckled with small round gold buckles. His sword, with a silver hilt somewhat tarnished, I might have thought only an article of his dress, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was some time before I was able to find out who he was, till at last my friend Mr S—— informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice these forty years; that an accidental piece of business had lately brought him from his house in the country, and he had been prevailed on to

look on the ladies of Edinburgh at two or three public places before he went home again, that he might see whether they were as handsome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and squired to plays and concerts, near half a century ago. "He was," continued my friend, "a professed admirer and votary of the sex; and, when he was a young man, fought three duels for the honour of the ladies, in one of which he was run through the body, but luckily escaped with his life. The lady, however, for whom he fought, did not reward her knight as she ought to have done, but soon after married another man with a larger fortune; upon which he forswore society in a great measure, and, though he continued for several years to do his duty in the army, and actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, mixed but little in the world, and has for a long space of time resided at his estate a determined

bachelor, with somewhat of misanthropy, and a great deal of good nature about him. If you please I will introduce you to him;—Colonel Caustic, this is a very particular friend of mine, who solicits the honour of being known to you." The colonel kissed me on both cheeks; and seeming to take a liking to my face, we appeared mutually disposed to be very soon acquainted.

Our conversation naturally began on the assembly, which I observed to be a full one. "Why, yes," said the colonel, "here is crowd enough, and to spare; and yet your ladies seem to have been at a loss for partners. I suppose the greatest part of the men, or rather boys, whom I see now standing up to dance, have been brought in to make up a set, as people in the country sometimes fill up the places in a dance with chairs, to help them to go through the figure. But as I came too late for the minuets, I presume

the dressed gentlemen walked up stairs after they were ended." "Why, Sir, there are now-a-days no minuets." "No minuets!" (looking for a while at the company on the floor;)—"I don't wonder at it." "Why, perhaps, colonel," said I, "these young gentlemen have not quite an aspect serious enough for the *pas grave*; and yet yonder is one standing with his back to the fire." "Why, yes, there is something of gravity, of almost melancholy, on his face." "Yes, melancholy and gentleman-like," said I, "as Master Stephen in the play has it." "Why, that young man, Sir,—now that I have observed him closer,—with that roll of handkerchief about his neck, his square-cut striped vest, his large metal buttons, and nankeen breeches,—Why, Sir, 'tis a stable-boy out of place!"

"Pray, who are those gentlemen," said Colonel Caustic, "who have ranged themselves in a sort of phalanx at the

other end of the room, and seem, like the devil in Milton, to carry stern defiance on their brow?"—"I have not the honour of their acquaintance," I replied; "but some of them, I presume, from the cockades in their hats"—"You do not say so," interrupted the colonel. "Is that the military air of the present day? But you must be mistaken; they cannot be real soldiers: Militia, or train-band subalterns, believe me, who, having neither seen service nor good company, contrive to look fierce, in order to avoid looking sheepish. I remember indeed of old, some of our boys used to put on that fierce air in coffee-houses and taverns; but they could never dream of wearing it before the ladies."—"I think, however," said Mr S—— smiling, "the ladies don't seem much afraid of them."—"Why, your ladies," answered the colonel, "to say truth, have learned to look people in the face. During the little while I have

been in town, I have met with some in my walks, in great-coats, riding hats, and rattans, whom I could not shew an eye to: But I am newly come from the country; I shall keep a better countenance by-and-by."

At that moment a lady and her party, for whose appearance the dancers were waiting, were just entering the room, and seemed in a great hurry to get forward. Their progress, however, was a good deal impeded by a tall stout young man, who had taken his station just at the threshold, and leaning his back against one of the door-posts, with his right foot placed firm on the end of a bench, was picking his teeth with a perfect *nonchalance* to every thing around him. I saw the colonel fasten a very angry look on him, and move his hand with a sort of involuntary motion towards my cane. The ladies had now got through the defile, and we stood back to make way for them,

"Was there ever such a brute?" said Colonel Caustic. The young gentleman stalked up to the place where we were standing, put up his glass to his eye, looked hard at the colonel, and then—put it down again. The colonel took snuff.

"Our sex," said I, "colonel, is not perhaps improved in its public appearance; but I think you will own the other is not less beautiful than it was." He cast his eye round for a few minutes before he answered me. "Why, yes," said he, "Sir, here are many pretty, very pretty girls. That young lady in blue is a very pretty girl. I remember her grandmother at the same age; she was a fine woman." —"But the one next her, with the fanciful cap, and the *panache* of red and white feathers, with that elegant form, that striking figure, is not she a fine woman?"—"Why, no, Sir, not quite a fine woman; not quite such a woman as a

man," (raising his chest as he pronounced the word *man*, and pressing the points of his three unemployed fingers gently on his bosom,) "as a man would be proud to stake his life for."

"But in short, Sir," continued he,—"I speak to you because you look like one that can understand me,—There is nothing about a woman's person merely, (were she formed like the Venus de Medicis,) that can constitute a fine woman. There is something in the look, the manner, the voice, and still more the silence, of such a one as I mean, that has no connection with any thing material; at least no more than just to make one think such a soul is lodged as it deserves.—In short, Sir, a fine woman,—I could have shewn you some examples formerly.—I mean, however, no disparagement to the young ladies here; none, upon my honour; they are as well made, and if not better dressed, at least more dressed than their pre-

decessors; and their complexions I think are better. But I am an old fellow, and apt to talk foolishly."

"I suspect, Caustic," said my friend Mr S——, "you and I are not quite competent judges of this matter. Were the partners of our dancing days to make their appearance here, with their humble foretops, and brown unpowdered ringlets,"—"Why, what then, Mr S——?" —"Why, I think those high heads would overtop them a little, that's all." "Why, as for the *panache*," replied the colonel, "I have no objection to the ornament itself; there is something in the waving movement of it that is graceful, and not undignified; but in every sort of dress there is a certain character, a certain relation which it holds to the wearer. Yonder now, you'll forgive me, Sir, (turning to me,) yonder is a set of girls, I suppose, from their looks and their giggling, but a few weeks from the nursery,

he was stopped by the noise of a hundred tongues, which approached like a gathering storm from the card-room. 'Twas my Lady Rumpus, with a crowd of women and a mob of men in her suite. They were people of too much consequence to have any of that deference for society which the colonel talked of. My nerves, and those of my friend S——, though not remarkably weak, could barely stand their approach; but Colonel Caustic's were quite overpowered.—We accompanied him in his retreat out of the dancing-room; and after drinking a dish of tea, by way of sedative, as the physicians phrase it, he called for his chair, and went home.

While we were sitting in the tea-room, Mr S—— undertook the apology of my Lady Rumpus and her followers. "We must make allowance," said he, "for the fashion of the times. In these days, precision of manners is exploded, and ease is

the mode."—"Ease!" said the Colonel wiping his forehead. "Why, in your days," said Mr S——, "and I may say in mine too, for I believe there is not much betwixt us, were there not sometimes fantastic modes, which people of rank had brought into use, and which were called genteel because such people practised them, though the word might not just apply to them in the abstract?—"I understand you, S——," said the Colonel, "there were such things; some irregularities that broke out now and then. There were mad-caps of both sexes, that would venture on strange things; but they were in a style somewhat above the canaille: ridiculous enough, I grant you, but not perfectly absurd: coarse, it might be, but not downright vulgar. In all ages, I suppose, people of condition did sometimes entrench themselves behind their titles or their high birth, and committed offences against what lesser folk

ıld call decorum, and yet were allow-
to be well-bred all the while; were
ıetimes a little gross, and called it wit-
and a little rude, and called it rail-
·: but 'twas false coinage, and never
ɜed long. Indeed, I have generally re-
·ked, that people did so only because
ɣ could not do better; 'tis like plead-
privilege for a debt which a man's
ı funds do not enable him to pay. A
ıt man may perhaps be well-bred in a
ıner which little people do not under-
ıd; but, trust me, he is a greater man
› is well-bred in a manner that every
ɣ understands."

No. 5. SATURDAY, *March* 12, 1785.

A FEW mornings ago I was agreeabl surprised with a very early call from m newly-acquired friend Colonel Caustic "'Tis on a foolish piece of business," said he, "I give you the trouble of thi visit. You must know I had an appoint ment with your friend S—— to go to th play this evening, which a particular af fair that has come across him will pre vent his keeping: and as a man, afte making such an arrangement, feels i irksome to be disappointed (at least it i so with an old methodical fellow like me, I have taken the liberty of calling, to asl if you will supply his place: I might hav had one or two other conductors; but i is only with certain people I choose to g

to such places. Seeing a play, or indeed any thing else, won't do at my time of life, either alone, or in company not quite to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle of claret: the liquor is something; but nine-tenths of the bargain are in the companion with whom one drinks it." As he spoke this, he gave me his hand with such an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted these forty years;—I took it with equal warmth, and assured him, truly, it would give me infinite pleasure to attend him.

When we went to the theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box-list, to determine where we should endeavour to find a place, a lady of the Colonel's acquaintance, happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a situation where I thought he could most conveniently command a

new host of the company and of the stage. He had never been in our present house before, and allowed, that, in size and convenience, it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant so much as the lady and I demanded on that score. "I know," said he, "you are in the right; but one don't easily get rid of first impressions: I can't make you conceive what a play was to me some fifty years ago, with what feelings I heard the last music begin, nor how my heart beat when it ceased."—"Why, it is very true, Colonel," said the lady, "one can't retain those feelings always."——"It is something," said I, "to have had them once."——"Why, if I may judge from the little I have seen," replied the Colonel, "your young folks have no time for them now-a-days; their pleasures begin so early, and come so thick."——"'Tis the way to make the most of their time."—"Par-

don me, madam," said he, "I don't think so: 'tis like the difference between your hot-house asparagus and my garden ones; the last have their green and their white; but the first is tasteless from the very top." The lady had not time to study the allusion; for her company began to come into the box, and continued coming in during all the first act of the comedy. On one side of Colonel Caustic sat a lady with a Lunardi hat; before him was placed one with a feathered headdress. Lunardi and the feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I sat quite behind, as is my custom, and betook myself to meditation. The Colonel was not quite so patient: he tried to see the stage, and got a flying vizzy now and then; but in the last attempt, he got such a whisk from Miss Feathers on one cheek, and such a poke from the wires of Miss Lunardi on t'other, that he was

fain to give up the matter of seeing; as to hearing, it was out of the question.

"I hope, Colonel, you have been well entertained," said the mistress of the box, at the end of the act. "Wonderfully well," said the Colonel.——"That La Mash is a monstrous comical fellow!"—"Oh! as to that, madam, I know nothing of the matter: in your ladyship's box one is quite independent of the players."——He made a sign to me: I opened the box door, and stood waiting for his coming with me. "Where are you going, Colonel?" said the lady, as he stepped over the last bench. "To the play, madam," said he, bowing, and shutting the door.

To that purpose we went to the pit, where, though it was pretty much crowded, we got ourselves seated in a very [illegible] place. There is something in [illegible] Caustic's look and appearance, [illegible] not of the form only but the

sentiment of good breeding, that it is not easy to resist shewing him any civility in one's power. While we stood near the door, a party in the middle of one of the rows beckoned to us, and let us know, that we might find room by them; and the colonel, not without many scruples of complaisance, at last accepted the invitation.

We had not long been in possession of our place before the second act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the play; as, though the conversation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced by several new performers, was about as loud as that of the players, we were nearer to the talkers in front, than to those behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——'s interrogatory as to the colonel's entertainment. "I begin," said he, putting his snuff-box to his nose, "to find the inattention of my former box-fellows not

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Before the dropping of the curtain,

however. It was not easy to attend to that winding up of the plot which was promised us. Between gentlemen coming into the house from dinner parties, and ladies going out of it to evening ones, the disorder in the boxes, and the calling to order in the pit, the business of the comedy was rather supposed than followed; and the actors themselves seemed inclined to slur it a little, being too well bred not to perceive, that they interrupted the arrangement of some of the genteelest part of their audience.

When the curtain was down, I saw Colonel Caustic throw his eye round the house with a look which I knew had nothing to do with the comedy. After a silence of two or three minutes, in which I did not choose to interrupt him, "Amidst the various calculations of lives," said he, "is there any table for the life of a beauty?"—"I believe not," said I, smiling; "there is a fragility in that,

which neither Price nor Maseres ever thought of applying figures to."—"'Tis a sort of mortality," continued the colonel, "which, at such a time as this, at the ending of some public entertainment, I have often thought on with a very melancholy feeling. An old bachelor, like me, who has no girls of his own, except he is a very peevish fellow, which I hope I am not, looks on every one of these young creatures in some measure as a daughter; and when I think how many children of that sort I have lost,—for there are a thousand ways of a beauty's dying,—it almost brings tears into my eyes. Then they are so spoiled while they do live. Here I am as splenetic as before I was melancholy. Those flower-beds we see, so fair to look on,—what useless weeds are suffered to grow up with them!"—"I do not think, Colonel, that the mere flower part is left uncultivated."—"Why, even as to that, 'tis artificially forced be-

No. 6. SATURDAY, *March* 12, 1785.

A FEW mornings ago I was agreeably surprised with a very early call from my newly-acquired friend Colonel Caustic. "'Tis on a foolish piece of business," said he, "I give you the trouble of this visit. You must know I had an appointment with your friend S—— to go to the play this evening, which a particular affair that has come across him will prevent his keeping; and as a man, after making such an arrangement, feels it irksome to be disappointed (at least it is so with an old methodical fellow like me,) I have taken the liberty of calling, to ask if you will supply his place: I might have had one or two other conductors; but it is only with certain people I choose to go

to such places. Seeing a play, or indeed any thing else, won't do at my time of life, either alone, or in company not quite to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle of claret: the liquor is something; but nine-tenths of the bargain are in the companion with whom one drinks it." As he spoke this, he gave me his hand with such an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted these forty years;—I took it with equal warmth, and assured him, truly, it would give me infinite pleasure to attend him.

When we went to the theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box-list, to determine where we should endeavour to find a place, a lady of the Colonel's acquaintance, happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a situation where I thought he could most conveniently command a

view both of the company and of the stage. He had never been in our present house before, and allowed, that, in size and convenience, it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant so much as the lady and I demanded on that score. "I know," said he, "you are in the right; but one don't easily get rid of first impressions: I can't make you conceive what a play was to me some fifty years ago, with what feelings I heard the last music begin, nor how my heart beat when it ceased."—"Why, it is very true, Colonel," said the lady, "one can't retain those feelings always."——"It is something," said I, "to have had them once."——"Why, if I may judge from the little I have seen," replied the Colonel, "your young folks have no time for them now-a-days; their pleasures begin so early, and come so thick."——"'Tis the way to make the most of their time."—"Par-

don me, madam," said he, "I don't think so: 'tis like the difference between your hot-house asparagus and my garden ones; the last have their green and their white; but the first is tasteless from the very top." The lady had not time to study the allusion; for her company began to come into the box, and continued coming in during all the first act of the comedy. On one side of Colonel Caustic sat a lady with a Lunardi hat; before him was placed one with a feathered headdress. Lunardi and the feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I sat quite behind, as is my custom, and betook myself to meditation. The Colonel was not quite so patient: he tried to see the stage, and got a flying vizzy now and then; but in the last attempt, he got such a whisk from Miss Feathers on one cheek, and such a poke from the wires of Miss Lunardi on t'other, that he was

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We had not long been in possession of our place before the second act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the play; as, though the conversation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced by several new performers, was about as loud as that of the players, we were nearer to the talkers in front, than to those behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——'s interrogatory as to the colonel's entertainment. "I begin," said he, putting his snuff-box to his nose, "to find the inattention of my former box-fellows not

quite so unreasonable."—"Our company at this season," said a brother officer, who sat near us, to Colonel Caustic, "is a very numerous one; they can get up any new play in a week."—"I am not so much surprised, Sir," replied the colonel, "at the number of your players, as I am at the number of the audience."—"Most of the new performers are deserters from the English and Irish stages."—"From the awkward division of them, I presume."—"You are a severe critic, Sir," replied the officer; "but the house has been as full as you see it every night these three weeks."—"I can easily believe it," said the colonel.

As the play went on, the colonel was asked his opinion of it by this gentleman, and one or two more of his neighbours. He was shy of venturing his judgment on the piece; they were kind enough to direct him how to form one. "This is a very favourite comedy, Sir, and has had

a great run at Drury Lane."—"Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have no doubt of the comedy being an excellent comedy, since you tell me so; and to be sure those gentlemen and ladies who make up the *dramatis personæ* of it, say a number of good things, some of them not the worse for having been said last century by Joe Miller; but I am often at a loss to know what they would be at, and wish for a little of my old friend Bayes's insinuation to direct me."—"You mean, Sir, that the plot is involved."—"Pardon me, Sir, not at all; 'tis a perfectly clear plot, 'as clear as the sun in the cucumber,' as Anthonio in Venice Preserved says. The hero and heroine are to be married, and they are at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth act."—"You will see, Sir, how the last scene will wind it up."—"Oh! I have no doubt, Sir, that it will end at the dropping of the curtain."

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which neither Price nor Maseres ever thought of applying figures to."—"'Tis a sort of mortality," continued the colonel, "which, at such a time as this, at the ending of some public entertainment, I have often thought on with a very melancholy feeling. An old bachelor, like me, who has no girls of his own, except he is a very peevish fellow, which I hope I am not, looks on every one of these young creatures in some measure as a daughter; and when I think how many children of that sort I have lost,—for there are a thousand ways of a beauty's dying,—it almost brings tears into my eyes. Then they are so spoiled while they do live. Here I am as splenetic as before I was melancholy. Those flower-beds we see, so fair to look on,—what useless weeds are suffered to grow up with them!"—"I do not think, Colonel, that the mere flower part is left uncultivated."—"Why, even as to that, 'tis artificially forced be-

fore its time. A woman has a character even as a beauty. A beauty, a toast, a fine woman, merely considered as such, has a sort of professional character, which it requires some sense and accomplishments to maintain. Now-a-days, there are so many irregulars, who practise at fifteen, without a single requisite except mere outside!—if we go a little farther, and consider a woman as something more than a beauty; when we regard the sex as that gentle but irresistible power that should mould the world to a finer form; that should teach benignity to wisdom, to virtue grace, humanity to valour; when we look on them in less eminent, but not less useful points of view, as those *dii penates*, those household deities, from whom man is to find comfort and protection, who are to smooth the ruggedness of his labours, the irksomeness and cares of business; who are to blunt the sting of his sorrows, and the bitterness of his disap-

pointments!—You think me a fool for declaiming thus."—"No, upon my soul, don't I; I hope you think better of me than to suppose so."—"But I may come down from my declamation. Yonder are a set, fluttering in that box there,—young to be sure, but they will never be older, except in wrinkles.—I don't suppose they have an idea in their heads beyond the colour of a ribbon, the placing of a feather, or the step of a cotillon!—And yet they may get husbands."—"If it please God," said I.—"And be the mothers of the next generation."—"'Tis to be hoped."—"Well, well, old Caustic will be in his grave by that time!"

There was what Shakespeare calls "a humorous sadness" in the thought, at which I did not well know whether to smile or be sorrowful; but, on the whole, it was one I did not chuse to press too close on. I feel that I begin to love this

old man exceedingly; and, having acquired him late, I hope I shall not lose him soon.

No. 8. SATURDAY, *March* 26, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Edinburgh, March 2.

* I AM greatly pleased, Mr Lounger, with your account of yourself, and your innocent and useful manner of sliding through the bustle of life. I sincerely wish that many of my friends and visitors would follow your example, and learn to be idle, without disturbing those who are obliged, from their situation, to be busy. I suffer daily so much from the intrusion

* The last part of this paper only was written by me; the letter signed *Mary Careful* was sent by a correspondent, whom I had reason to believe a female one, but could never, with any certainty, discover who she was.——H. M.

of a set of female Loungers, (forgive me for using your title,) that it has prompted me to address myself to you, in hopes that you will, in some of your future essays, teach my unfortunately idle friends how to employ their tedious forenoons, without obliging me to be as idle as themselves. But to make you, Sir, fully sensible how much I suffer from ladies who cannot kill time at home, I must inform you, that I am the wife of a gentleman whose fortune has been made by a steady application to a branch of business, that obliges both him and me to be extremely attentive to those who employ him. A family of seven children makes it necessary for him still to continue in business. Our sons are attending such branches of education as will fit them for the different employments they have chosen. Our three daughters I am attempting to educate under my own eye, as the present boarding-schools and governesses are much

too expensive for people of our moderate fortune. I find so much pleasure in superintending every part of my daughters' education, that not an hour of the day is unemployed, or can hang heavy on my hands: But alas, Sir, how cruelly teazing is it, when I am set down to hear my youngest girl read, with Eliza and Mary at their work seated by me, to be broke in upon by Miss Flounce, who comes to tell me how charmingly she has improved upon Lady Chenille's new trimming, and assures me her bottle-green sattin was the sweetest and most admired dress at last assembly. Then, without observing that she interrupts me by her stay, she proceeds to give me an account of all the different dresses that she took hints from, to convince me how much her superior taste has improved upon that of her companions. When I am just expecting the conclusion of her uninteresting narration, her cousin Miss Feathers

swims into the room, assures us she is happy to find us together, that she may tell us how Mrs Panache had almost fainted away on seeing her new Figaro hat, with a plume of feathers in a much higher taste than her own. This introduces a smart dispute between the ladies, whether plain or Figaro feathers are the most elegant and becoming. They at last agree to refer their dispute to Miss Tastey, and leave me in haste to obtain her decision.

I gladly resume my pleasing task, but find that Eliza has misplaced the colours in shading a violet, and Mary broke her needle, by attending too much to the ladies' conversation. I have, perhaps, got matters adjusted, and little Anne has read half a page, when in totters Mrs Qualm. This lady, though always sick, is still able to come abroad every day, and wearies her acquaintance with the detail of her numberless complaints. A whole hour

is lost to me by this new intrusion; and thus a forenoon is spent without improvement either to my daughters or myself: And, I am sorry to say, few days pass in which I have not cause to regret, that there is no pleasure to be found for idlers at home. Were I a woman of quality, or perfectly independent, I might rid myself of these intruders, by being not at home; but in my situation I dare not shut my doors, lest I should give offence to people who are able to hurt my husband's business. In this distressed situation, I hope Mr Lounger will forgive me in offering a hint to him, which if he would dress out in his sensible persuasive manner, I think I should soon be freed from the fatigue of entertaining lounging ladies, and they would be much more suitably amused than in my working parlour. My hint, Sir, is, that you would recommend a forenoon's conversation, or place of meeting, for ladies and gentle-

men who must be in any company rather than their own. There, I think, if you would have the goodness to preside, and direct them how to amuse each other till the time of dressing for dinner, you would confer a high obligation on them, and a still greater on those who, like me, suffer now from the heavy burden of their insipid company. You, my good Sir, who have lounged about to such good purpose as to be able to improve others, will, I hope, take your weaker brothers and sisters under your direction; and if you will make Dunn's rooms a Lounging Hall instead of a chapel, I think I may venture to assure you it will be better attended in the one character than in the other; and if your lectures can make the forenoons pass easily, and without the trouble of thinking to those idlers, by drawing them together under your direction, and freeing the more employed part of the world from their unwelcome intrusion, you will great-

ly oblige many of your readers, particularly your admirer,

M. CAREFUL.

There is such an air of goodness in Mrs Careful's letter, and I consider her morning's employment as of so very important a kind, that I would do much to afford her relief; but really that branch of our family of which she complains is so numerous, and so difficult to deal with, that I am afraid the attempts of any individual for their better regulation or disposal would be fruitless. With regard to our sex, some benevolent young gentlemen have already tried several projects similar to that suggested by Mrs Careful, but apparently without success. They set afoot a cock-pit to give play to our minds, and in the frost, a drag-hunt to give exercise to our bodies: but the only effect those pastimes produced, was to furnish additional sub-

jects for the idle to talk of, and to plague the busy with hearing them.

The set of people of whom my correspondent complains, are a sort of vagrants, or sturdy beggars, whom, like others of the tribe, idleness sets afloat, to the disquiet of the industrious part of the community, and whom it should be a matter of public police not to suffer to molest our houses. A short clause in the new bill for the improvement of Edinburgh, might provide a work-house for those fashionable mumpers, who so importunately solicit a share of our time and attention, and whom unluckily, as Mrs Careful observes, those doors only can shut out whose owners would suffer least from their getting in. None but people of a certain rank can always prevent those unwelcome visitors from "bestowing (as Dogberry in the play says) all their tediousness upon their honours."

Such an institution as I hint at would be of great use both to the community and to the objects of it, who might be assembled in the different wards, as in the Spin-house of Amsterdam, each employed in the occupation most congenial to their former manner of living. For young ladies *poupées* might be provided, on which to practise the invention of caps, the suiting of ribbands, the position and size of curls, and the grouping of feathers. Ladies a little more advanced might be employed in the working up of novels, or the weaving of rebuses and enigmas. At a still maturer age, they could be employed in making matches; and at the inner end of that ward, there might be a close one, for the fabrication of scandal.

The male idlers might have another wing of the building, where the places of reception and employment should be analogous to the female. The same genius

that goes to the dressing of a female figure, would suffice for the undressing of a male one; for inventing the bushy club and whiskers, the knotted handkerchief round the neck, the powdered back, the colours for three or four under-waistcoats, the short bludgeon, and the hanging boot. Certain magazines and novels, with the Sportsman's Kalendar, might supply the literary wants of the second class; Hazard and Pharo might employ the third; and politics would be the natural occupation of the fourth. For ladies like Mrs Qualm, mentioned in Mrs Careful's letter, and for gentlemen of similar temperaments, a sick-ward must be provided, where the nervous, the rheumatic, and the bilious, might find names and consolation for their disorders. But as their chief comfort arises from having patient listeners to their complaints, I would propose their being accommodated with at-

tendants from the academy for the deaf and dumb.

As to what the players call the property of the house, several articles would serve indiscriminately for both divisions. Snuff-boxes, tooth-picks, and mirrors, would be of equal use in both; lap-dogs might be distributed in one, pointers and spaniels in the other; the crack of fans might enliven the female, and that of whips the male ward. At battledore and shuttlecock they might meet, like the two houses of Parliament in the Painted Chamber, and make a noise in conjunction. Tea would, of course, be furnished to the ladies, and wine to the gentlemen.

Such an institution would serve both as an hospital and a school; both as a place of retreat for past services, and of instruction for services to come. Here, from the lower orders, great men might find cork-drawers, butts, and hearers; great ladies might procure humble com-

panions, tea-makers, and tale-bearers. If from the higher ranks any one should chuse a wife or a husband, they would, at least, have the advantage of chusing them under their real and undisguised characters, and, like dealers at open market, would know their bargain before they purchased it.

No. 15. SATURDAY, *May* 14, 1785.

THOUGH I would seldom choose to venture on any subject so purely scientific as that which I propose for the paper of today; yet as I have a great respect for the very learned and curious correspondent from whom the following letter was received, I cannot resist my inclination to communicate it entire to my readers.

"DEAR SIR, Madrid, Feb. 27, 1785.

"I have been at all possible pains to discover, by means of those philosophers and travellers here who are best acquainted with Africa, whether any traces still remain of that species of men of whom your learned countryman has taken notice, mentioned by Agatharchides and Sir Francis Drake, called the Ακριδοφαγοι, *Gras-*

human-eaters, or, as I incline to render the word, *Locust-eaters*; but hitherto my inquiries have met with no degree of success. Though unsuccessful, they have not, however, been unproductive; as, in the course of my search after that species, I have met with very well authenticated relations of another variety of the human kind, still extant in that country, which I think has not been taken notice of by either of the above-mentioned authors, unless you suppose it to be the same with that of the Ἀκριδοφάγοι above-mentioned, or perhaps with the Ἰχθυοφάγοι, or Fish-eaters, recorded also by Agatharchides and copied from him by Diodorus, and some other later writers. The variety I mean is that of the Φυσαλοφάγοι, or Bladder-eaters; of which I proceed to give you a particular account, which I have been, happily, not only enabled to collect from the report of some voyagers who had visited their country, but have

actually had an opportunity of examining one myself, which is now in the possession of that illustrious and munificent patron of the arts, Don Gabriel de Crapolino, who had him from a learned priest of the order of Jesus, several years a missionary in Africa, whose account also makes up a considerable part of my relation.

The Phusalophagos or toad-eater, though found in different degrees of latitude, is a native of warm climates only, and seems to be of the migrating kind, who change their residence according to the difference of times and seasons. In his original state, he appears, as indeed it is highly probable all savages are, inclined to creep or walk on all fours; and the habit of walking erect or straight is only an acquired one, which seems uneasy to him; and therefore he takes every opportunity of returning to his former grovelling or bending posture. Indeed, from some anatomical observations, which the above-men-

learned Jesuit had an opportunity of making on the body of one who had died. It appears that nature has fitted them more for this posture than for any other. The muscle called by anatomists *musculus gastrocnemius*, by which the leg is bent, appeared to have been much enlarged by constant use; whereas the *longissimus dorsi*, by which the back is kept straight and erect, was of no strength at all. The muscles also of the upper eye-lid, called by some anatomists the *musculi admirationis*, were capable of great extension, and seemed to have been in constant use, which may be likewise accounted for from the prone position of the body, natural to this species. The width of the throat or swallow was also remarkable; with which nature undoubtedly provided them, in consideration of the kind of food on which they subsist.

His forehead, like that of the natives of America, was flat and large, and probably

had been made so by an operation similar to what the inhabitants of that country practise on their children, to wit, by pressing a plate of lead on their foreheads immediately after their birth. For in that one dissected by the missionary, the *os frontis* was exceedingly thick and hard, and seemed capable of sustaining very great violence without any material impression.

Like the inhabitants of the Friendly Isles, they use a liquor made of the spittle of others, called by our late circumnavigators *cava*, which the Phusalophagi swallow either in its natural state, or, like the Otaheiteans, in a state of fermentation. Indeed, they do not at all resemble the Ichthuophagi, or fish-eaters, in the circumstance of living entirely without drink, as they seem, on the contrary, very much inclined to drinking: like the fish-eaters, however, (as Diodorus reports them,) it must be confessed, they have

very little sense of the το καλον, or the το πρεπον, the beautiful or the decent. One instance of this the learned father gave me, that, as far as he was informed, or could perceive, they had no objection (as indeed is the custom among several other savage nations) to an union with a female who had formerly had an illicit intercourse with the other sex; but, on the contrary, like the Tartars and Tongusians, often preferred such to all others.

The agility of this species, like that of the Acridophagi, is amazing. That one whom I saw in the possession of the noble person above-mentioned, would skip over chairs and tables, at a signal given, with the most amazing alertness. In this they resemble a good deal the monkey tribe, as well as in their faculty of imitation, in which my informer told me they excel in a very wonderful degree. Their strength, likewise, the missionary reports to be very uncommon. He says, he has

seen some of them bear to be loaded with burdens that would have wearied a porter of Bassora.

This one had learned the use of speech, though not to a very high degree of perfection, and indeed his natural propensity seemed to be rather to listen: yet with that inclination to silence which is common to man in a savage state, he did not seem to have the melancholy cast of either the Orang Outang, or the other varieties of uncultivated mankind; on the contrary, he had a mirthful disposition, or at least a facility of laughing and seeming merry, beyond any thing that could have been imagined of one in his situation.

He had, by the time I saw him, perfectly lost all inclination and relish for his former manner of living, and was by no means averse to the delicacies of refined cookery. His taste, however, was far from being acute; as at times he appeared highly to relish, and to be extremely

fond of very indifferent fare, when it was set before him by his master. According to the missionary, his countrymen, like the Bedas of Ceylon, have a custom of seasoning every thing with honey, a practice which accordingly this particular one at Don Gabriel's still continued; and his excellency, as well as some of his guests, assured me they found it very palatable.

Like his taste in this instance, his other senses appear to be subject to much uncertainty. His seeing and hearing are at sometimes remarkably acute; at others he seems hardly to possess those faculties at all. Like the Chacrelas, in the island of Java, his sight is generally much quicker in the night than the day-time: and the later the hour, it appears to be the clearer and the more distinct. Like some other savages, he seems to delight in music; though his discrimination of sounds, as might be expected, is not very

nice. His patron, Don Gabriel, plays on the viol de gamba but very indifferently; and yet he seems more pleased with the sound of this instrument, than with that of some others played by the ablest musicians of the king's opera.

The powers of his mind seem to be of a very limited sort. He does not, however, appear to be naturally so dull as some of his countrymen, of whose stupidity Charlevoix gives remarkable instances; who, according to his account, cannot count beyond the number 3. Though I never had occasion to try his conception of numbers in its utmost extent, I saw that he could very readily number the guests at Don Gabriel's table, who often greatly exceeded the above denomination, or even the dishes, which were still more numerous. He resembles those natives of Guinea more nearly in another particular; he, as Father Charlevoix tells

fond of very indifferent fare, when it was set before him by his master. According to the missionary, his countrymen, like the Bedas of Ceylon, have a custom of seasoning every thing with honey, a practice which accordingly this particular one at Don Gabriel's still continued; and his excellency, as well as some of his guests, assured me they found it very palatable.

Like his taste in this instance, his other senses appear to be subject to much uncertainty. His seeing and hearing are at sometimes remarkably acute; at others he seems hardly to possess those faculties at all. Like the Chacrelas, in the island of Java, his sight is generally much quicker in the night than the day-time: and the later the hour, it appears to be the clearer and the more distinct. Like some other savages, he seems to delight in music; though his discrimination of sounds, as might be expected, is not very

nice. His patron, Don Gabriel, plays on the viol de gamba but very indifferently; and yet he seems more pleased with the sound of this instrument than with that of some others [illegible] the ablest musicians of the [illegible]

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us of them, seems very seldom to think spontaneously. In point of memory, however, he differs widely from those natives of Guinea, of which faculty he seems endowed with a wonderful proportion. When he had learned enough of the Spanish to be able to hold a conversation easily, he gave many instances of a memory exceedingly tenacious, and often remembered things which had happened to Don Gabriel, or which Don Gabriel related, though nobody else had the most distant recollection of them.

Nor was he more distinguished from that species mentioned by Charlevoix in memory, than in patience and temper. "Though possessed of little genius," says that traveller, "these Guinea negroes are extremely acute in their feelings. According to the manner in which they are treated, they are lively or melancholy, laborious or slothful, friendly or hostile.

When well fed, and not ill treated, they are contented, cheerful, and ready for every employment; but when ill used and oppressed, they grow sullen, and often die of melancholy. Of injuries, as well as of benefits, they are extremely sensible; and against those who injure them they bear a most implacable hatred." The very reverse of all this seems to be the temperament of the Phusalophagos. He is extremely patient under harsh usage, insensible to injuries, and is equally cheerful and ready for any employment when ill as when well treated, with the exception, however, of good feeding, which seems necessary to him in common with the Guinea men.

I have thus, my very worthy and respected Sir, endeavoured to give you as particular a description of the distinguishing characteristics of this species, as the accounts I could rely on, or my own observation, could furnish me with. But as

No. 17. SATURDAY, *May* 28, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

IF I am not misinformed, you have taken up the same sort of business which was formerly carried on by a gentleman who published his performances under the title of the Mirror, with whom I had once or twice occasion, not very agreeable ones, to correspond. As I suppose you have got that gentleman's good-will, I am inclined to deal with you as his successor; and I trust you will use me as well as he did, by giving place to this letter, containing an account of grievances, which I know not where else to seek redress for. You will find my correspondence, though

not elegant, at least authentic. The fa-
mily of the Homespuns, though I say i
who should not, were always to be trust
ed in a story; truth and plain-dealin
was their motto, and I hope will co
tinue so, if bad neighbours don't sp
them.

The neglect of the great lady, whi
my daughter Elizabeth thought fit
complain of in the Mirror, was of sing
lar use in my family. My young la
came back to the country so quiet a
so reasonable a girl, that her mother an
had not once occasion to chide her fo
twelvemonth; at the end of which,
had proposals of marriage for her from
uncle's partner, whom she mentions
the paper I allude to; and she consen
to become the wife of a plain, virtuo
[illegible] young man, though he had
[illegible] finery or fashion about h
[illegible] as happy as can be, and h
[illegible] cherry-cheeked boys, who

am told, are the pictures of their grandfather.

The rest of us remain as we were; at least we did so till within these two months. My lady —— made some overtures towards a renewal of our acquaintance about a twelvemonth ago, but it was agreed to decline them; and I staid at home to lay down a field of spring-wheat, instead of going to vote for a parliament-man. The waists of my wife and daughters had returned to their natural size, and the heads of the latter had moulted of their feathers. Their hoops were sent to the lumber-garret, and powder and pomatum were scarcely ever used but on Sundays. I fondly thought, that all the follies of the family were over, and that henceforth we should be reasonable and happy. Alas! sir, I have discovered, that opportunity only was wanting to renew them; the weeds were all in the ground, though my lady ——'s coldness

had chilled their growth. Within
two months they have sprung up w
vengeance.

About that time my neighbour M
room's son, who had been sent out t
dia about a dozen years ago, retu
home with a fortune, as we are tol
100,000l. and has taken up his reside
at his father's, till some finer place
be found out for him. Before his arr
he had made several large remittance
his father, for the purpose of dressing
the old house a little, so as to make i
for his reception, and had sent a tru
full of fineries to dress up his mother a
sisters for the same purpose. The go
old lady, however, restrained her daug
ters from wearing them (as indeed th
did not well know how to make them u
or put them on,) till her son should arriv
His arrival furnished them with a ver
able assistant: the young man had mad
a free-mason before he left this country

with a good-looking girl of our neighbourhood, who, not altogether with his inclination, had gone out to him soon after his establishment in India. This lady returned hither with him, and has edified all the family amazingly.

But her instructions are not confined to her own family; mine is unluckily included. This is a favour which my wife is very proud of; as Mrs Mushroom has forgot most of her old acquaintance in the parish, and associates only with us, and one or two more of her neighbours, who have what she calls *capability;* that is, Sir, as I understand it, who will listen to all the nonsense she talks, and ape all the follies she practises. These are strong words; but it would put any man in a passion to see how she goes on. I don't know how it is, but I am ten times angrier at this new plague than I was with lady ——. For her I had many apologies; but to think of that little chit Peg

poor man! to have as little to say for himself.

But all this, Sir, is no joking matter to me. Some of the neighbours, indeed, laugh at it; but we, who are favourites, say that is nothing but envy. My wife and daughter Mary have rummaged out their tetes and feathers; and the hoops, that had suffered a little from the moths, have been put in complete repair again. I was silly enough to let my wife get hold of a draught on town for the price of my last year's barley; and I verily believe she and Mary alone carry the produce of ten acres on their backs. My wife said, a shawl was a decent comfortable wear for a middle-aged woman like her (my Rachel, by the way, has been fifty these ten years); and so she gave orders to purchase one at a sale in town, which she got a monstrous bargain, though I am ashamed to tell you, that it stood me in two fat oxen and a year-old cow.

I am glad to take this estimate of things, because in the value of money we are now got into a style of expression which loses all idea of small sums. Hundreds and thousands of pounds carried a sound of some importance, and could easily be divided into lesser parts; but Madam Mushroom's lack, or half a lack, sounds like nothing at all; and she has stories which she tells to my poor gaping girls, of a single supper in the East, given by some nabob with half a dozen hard names, that cost one or two of those lacks, besides half a lack in trifling presents to the company. In those stories, the East Indian lady, being subject to no contradiction, goes on without interruption or commentary, till my poor wife and daughters' heads are turned quite topsy-turvy. Even mine, though reckoned tolerably solid, is really dizzy with hearing her. There are such accounts of nabobs, rajahs, and rajah-ponts, elephants, palanquins, and processions;

so stuck full of gold, diamonds, pearls, and precious stones; with episodes of dancing girls and otter of roses!—I have heard nothing like it since I was a boy, and used to be delighted with reading the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

The effect of all this on my family you will easily guess. Not only does it rob me of my money, but them of their happiness. Every thing that used to be thought comfortable or convenient formerly, is now intolerable and disgusting. Every thing we now put on, or eat, or drink, is immediately brought into comparison with the dress, provisions, and liquors at Mushroom Hall, for so they have new-christened my neighbour's farm-house. My girls' home-made gowns, of which they were lately so proud, have been thrown by with contempt since they saw Mrs Mushroom's muslins from Bengal; our barn-door fowls, we used to say, were

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and where people know no more of Bengal than of the man in the moon.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that the Lounger has received this commencement of Mr Homespun's correspondence, of which he knows the value, and hopes for the continuance.

No. 20. Saturday, *June* 18, 1785.

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.——Hor.

No species of composition is more generally read by one class of readers, or more undervalued by another, than that of the novel. Its favourable reception from the young and the indolent, to whom the exercise of imagination is delightful, and the labour of thought is irksome, needs not be wondered at; but the contempt which it meets from the more respectable class of literary men, it may perhaps be entitled to plead that it does not deserve. Considered in the abstract, as containing an interesting relation of events, illustrative of the manners and characters of [illegible], it surely merits a higher station

in the world of letters than is generally assigned it. If it has not the dignity, it has at least most of the difficulties, of the epic or the drama. The conduct of its fable, the support of its characters, the contrivance of its incidents, and its developement of the passions, require a degree of invention, judgment, taste, and feeling, not much, if at all, inferior to those higher departments of writing, for the composition of which a very uncommon portion of genius is supposed to be requisite. Those difficulties are at the same time heightened by the circumstance, of this species of writing being, beyond any other, open to the judgment of the people; because it represents domestic scenes and situations in private life, in the execution of which any man may detect errors and discover blemishes, while the author has neither the pomp of poetry, nor the decoration of the stage, to cover or to conceal them.

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Even of those few novels which superior men have written, it cannot always be said, that they are equally calculated to improve as to delight. Nor is this only to be objected to some who have been professedly less scrupulous in that particular; but I am afraid may be also imputed to those whose works were meant to convey no bad impression, but, on the contrary, were intended to aid the cause of virtue, and to hold out patterns of the most exalted benevolence.

I am not, however, disposed to carry the idea of the dangerous tendency of all novels quite so far as some rigid moralists have done. As promoting a certain refinement of mind, they operate like all other works of genius and feeling, and have indeed a more immediate tendency

degraded which ought to be paramount. The last, being of that great cardinal sort which must be common, because they apply to the great leading relations and circumstances of life, have an appearance less dignified and heroic than the others, which, as they come forth only on extraordinary occasions, are more apt to attract the view and excite the admiration of beholders. The duty to parents is contrasted with the ties of friendship and of love; the virtues of justice, of prudence, of economy, are put in competition with the exertions of generosity, of benevolence, and of compassion: and even of these virtues of sentiment there are still more refined divisions, in which the overstrained delicacy of the persons represented always leads them to act from the motive least obvious, and therefore generally the least reasonable.

In the enthusiasm of sentiment there is

much the same danger as in the enthusiasm of religion, of substituting certain impulses and feelings of what may be called a visionary kind, in the place of real practical duties, which in morals, as in theology, we might not improperly denominate good works. In morals, as in religion, there are not wanting instances of refined sentimentalists, who are contented with talking of virtues which they never practise, who pay in words what they owe in actions; or, perhaps, what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to impressions which never have any effect upon their conduct, but are considered as something foreign to and distinct from it. This separation of conscience from feeling is a depravity of the most pernicious sort; it eludes the strongest obligation to rectitude, it blunts the strongest incitement to virtue; when the ties of the first bind the sentiment and not the will, and the rewards of the

latter crown not the heart but the imagination.

That creation of refined and subtile feeling, reared by the authors of the works to which I allude, has an ill effect, not only on our ideas of virtue, but also on our estimate of happiness. That sickly sort of refinement creates imaginary evils and distresses, and imaginary blessings and enjoyments, which embitter the common disappointments, and depreciate the common attainments of life. This affects the temper doubly, both with respect to ourselves and others; with respect to ourselves, from what we think ought to be our lot; with regard to others, from what we think ought to be their sentiments. It inspires a certain childish [illegible] our own superior delicacy, and [illegible]nate contempt of the plain [illegible] ordinary but useful occupations of those around us.

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times made to novels, of exhibiting "such faultless monsters as the world ne'er saw," may be just on the score of entertainment to their readers, to whom the delineation of uniform virtue, except when it is called into striking situations, will no doubt be insipid. But, in point of moral tendency, the opposite character is much more reprehensible; I mean that character of mingled virtue and vice which is to be found in some of the best of our novels. Instances will readily occur to every reader, where the hero of the performance has violated, in one page, the most sacred laws of society, to whom, by the mere turning of the leaf, we are to be reconciled, whom we are to be made to love and admire, for the beauty of some humane, or the brilliancy of some heroic action. It is dangerous thus to bring us into the society of vice, though introduced or accompanied by virtue. In the application to ourselves, in which the

moral tendency of all imaginary characters must be supposed to consist, this nourishes and supports a very common kind of self-deception, by which men are apt to balance their faults by the consideration of their good qualities; an account which, besides the fallacy of its principle, can scarcely fail to be erroneous, from our natural propensity to state our faults at their lowest, and our good qualities at their highest rate.

I have purposely pointed my observations, not to that common herd of novels (the wretched offspring of circulating libraries) which are despised for their insignificance, or proscribed for their immorality; but to the errors, as they appear to me, of those admired ones which are frequently put into the hands of youth for imitation as well as amusement. Of youth it is essential to preserve the imagination sound as well as pure, and not to

allow them to forget, amidst the intricacies of sentiment, or the dreams of sensibility, the truths of reason, or the laws of principle.

To this circumstance, however, may perhaps be imputed the degradation into which it has fallen. As few endowments were necessary to judge, so few have been supposed necessary to compose a novel; and all whose necessities or vanity prompted them to write, betook themselves to a field, which, as they imagined, it required no extent of information or depth of learning to cultivate, but in which a heated imagination, or an excursive fancy, were alone sufficient to succeed; and men of genius and of knowledge, despising a province in which such competitors were to be met, retired from it in disgust, and left it in the hands of the unworthy.

The effects of this have been felt, not only in the debasement of the novel in point of literary merit, but in another particular still more material, in its perversion from a moral or instructive purpose to one directly the reverse. Ignorance and dulness are seldom long inof-

fensive, but generally support their own native insignificance by an alliance with voluptuousness and vice.

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The reproach which has been some-

times made to novels, of exhibiting "such faultless monsters as the world ne'er saw," may be just on the score of entertainment to their readers, to whom the delineation of uniform virtue, except when it is called into striking situations, will no doubt be insipid. But, in point of moral tendency, the opposite character is much more reprehensible; I mean that character of mingled virtue and vice which is to be found in some of the best of our novels. Instances will readily occur to every reader, where the hero of the performance has violated, in one page, the most sacred laws of society, to whom, by the mere turning of the leaf, we are to be reconciled, whom we are to be made to love and admire, for the beauty of some humane, or the brilliancy of some heroic action. It is dangerous thus to bring us into the society of vice, though introduced or accompanied by virtue. In the application to ourselves, in which the

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No. 22. SATURDAY, *July* 2, 1785.

EVERY periodical writer, like every knight-errant of old, in assuming his office, is understood to swear fealty to the ladies. I presume, therefore, it is now so much an acknowledged quality of the profession, that it is needless for any individual to declare it. Above all others, the Lounger would wish to attract their notice, and conciliate their favour. It is possible to be busy independently of the ladies; but he must be a brute indeed who can be idle without them.

I hope, then, I may take credit for a particular attention to their interests, their employments, and their amusements. I shall consider no circumstance, however minute, as below my regard, which can

any how affect them; and every thing in the female form will be entitled to the immediate notice of the Lounger.

From a correspondent, who is well aware of this part of my plan, I have just received intelligence, that a very little, but a very wonderful lady, intends to do herself the pleasure of visiting Edinburgh this season; and I take the first opportunity of announcing her intention to my readers. The lady I mean is the *Merveilleuse Poupée parlante;* the wonderful speaking figure, who has so much surprised and amused the best company, both on the continent, where she was first produced, and in England, where she has spent the last year of her life. I had the honour of waiting on her first at Brussels, and then at London; and shall take the liberty, by way of ushering her into Scotland, to relate some particulars that passed in the course of my last visit, during

the lady's residence in the parish of St James.

That part of the company which more particularly attracted my notice, consisted of a gentleman and his lady, accompanied by a thin tall elderly gentlewoman, who appeared to be a relation, on whose arm the lady leaned as she came up stairs, and who carried a small white lap-dog, on whom her kinswoman bestowed a great many caresses, but the husband looked with rather less complacency. There were two very young ladies, attended by a sister somewhat older; but who seemed to have put on the womanly garb rather from size than age. Next them was placed an old gentleman, wrapped up in a warm surtout, with shrivelled cheeks, a sallow complexion, a laced shoe on one foot, and "his youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," who took great pains to accommodate the eldest of the sisters with a convenient seat, and

had hustled himself on the end of the bench beside her. In his devoirs he was assisted by a lively-looking little man, seemingly not much younger, but much fresher than him, who very soon told us, in the only English words he seemed master of, that he was a native of Gascony, and had been but a few weeks in London. He was dressed in a full suit of black, had his hair tied in a thin queue, and his curls much indebted to a large quantity of powder and pomatum. Seeing me the only *isolé* person near him, he made a sign for me to approach the place where the *Poupée* was to give audience; and with a continuation of the same friendly action of his hand, offered me a pinch of snuff out of a very beautiful *papier maché* snuff-box. I thanked him in French, and we were immediately on an intimate footing. *Et vous, Monsieur*, said he, holding out the box to the gentleman with the slender legs. The old gentleman took the

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had hustled himself on the end of the bench beside her. In his devoirs he was assisted by a lively-looking little man, seemingly not much younger, but much fresher than him, who very soon told us, in the only English words he seemed master of, that he was a native of Gascony, and had been but a few weeks in London. He was dressed in a full suit of black, had his hair tied in a thin queue, and his curls much indebted to a large quantity of powder and pomatum. Seeing me the only *isolé* person near him, he made a sign for me to approach the place where the *Poupée* was to give audience; and with a continuation of the same friendly action of his hand, offered me a pinch of snuff out of a very beautiful *papier maché* snuff-box. I thanked him in French, and we were immediately on an intimate footing. *Et vous, Monsieur*, said he, holding out the box to the gentleman with the slender legs. The old gentleman took the

the lady's residence in the parish of St James.

That part of the company which more particularly attracted my notice, consisted of a gentleman and his lady, accompanied by a thin tall elderly gentlewoman, who appeared to be a relation, on whose arm the lady leaned as she came up stairs, and who carried a small white lap-dog, on whom her kinswoman bestowed a great many caresses, but the husband looked with rather less complacency. There were two very young ladies, attended by a sister somewhat older; but who seemed to have put on the womanly garb rather from size than age. Next them was placed an old gentleman, wrapped up in a warm surtout, with shrivelled cheeks, a sallow complexion, a laced shoe on one foot, and "his youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," who took great pains to accommodate the eldest of the sisters with a convenient seat, and

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box, and examined very curiously some figures that were painted on the lid.

The master of the exhibition now made his appearance, and addressed the company (as nearly as I can recollect, after hearing the same piece of eloquence twice) in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, ave de goodness to regard dis young lady. She has had de honneur to be seen by de emperor of Germany, de king of Prusse, de king and queen of France, and Monseigneur le Dauphin, when he was but tri monts old, at which time she had de honneur of being exactly of de same size vid Monseigneur. You see her attached to de plafond of de chamber only by dis small chain, no bigger dan one silk trid, and I hold myself here at long distance from her, so dat it is impossible der can be communication vid any person. You see dat trompette which she wears at her mout; in dat if you speak any question it please you to put, in ever

so low a visper, Ma'moiselle will ave de honneur of making answer."

There was a short pause, nobody seeming to choose being the first to address her; till my Gascon rose, and making a bow, first to the old gentleman, by way of apology, and then to the young lady who sat next him, handed her, who seemed not well to know whether to refuse going or not, up to the place, and, with another bow, presented her to the figure, to whom her question was to be addressed. Having been a visitor of the lady's before, I knew how to make the most of my visit; and contrived to place myself in such a situation as not only to hear the questions that should be put aloud, but to make a pretty shrewd guess at those which the questioner might not quite so much incline should be audible to the company, as well as at the answers. The young lady blushed, smiled, and bit her fan; but being re-assured by her con-

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ductor, and the rest of the company, at last put her mouth to the little trumpet that conveys the question, and asked Mademoiselle in a half whisper, "How many lovers she had?"—"More than are good for me."—Miss smiled again, but looked as if she did not agree with her.

The exhibitor made a sign to the French gentleman, who had handed back the young lady to her seat, to ask his question next. "*Place aux Dames*," said he, pointing to the married lady I mentioned before; who, recommending her lap-dog, who was sleeping on the bench by her, to the care of her relation, whom she now called Cousin Martha, advanced to the figure, and asked her, "If she was married?" "*Dieu m'en garde*—Heaven forbid," answered the Poupée. The lady looked at her husband, and seemed as if she perfectly agreed with her.

As the gentleman got up to make way for his lady, he discomposed the lap-dog;

for which his wife chid him, and scolded Martha. "Does Monsieur choose to ask any thing?" said the show-man to him. "Not I," said he surlily. "Does your doll never speak but when she is spoken to?"—"Never, Sir; she is too well bred." He interpreted the question and his answer to the Frenchman. "*C'est dommage,*" said he in return. "That's a pity, the gentleman thinks;" re-interpreted the exhibitor to the married man. "No, by G—, that it is not," replied the other. The show-man interpreted again; the Gascon received it with one of those significant shrugs, with which the philosophers of his country reconcile to themselves and others every dispensation of Providence.

A lady, whom I had not observed before, now came forward. She was in a much fuller dress than any of the rest of the company, and had one of the finest complexions in the world. She looked

very narrowly at the Poupée's head-dress, and the particular sit of her tucker. "What sort of paint do you use?" said she, loud enough to be heard by us who were near her. "*Vous n'en avez pas besoin*—you have no need of it," answered the figure; the equivoque was a very polite one. "*C'est charmant!*" said the Frenchman, looking first on the Poupée, and then on the lady; the lady drew back, and seemed inclined to blush—but could not.

"Do you choose, Sir?" said our exhibitor to me. I declined putting the lady to the trouble, having been convinced of her abilities at Brussels. On this the old gentleman came forward. Like the last questioner, he examined Mademoiselle very closely, putting on his spectacles to assist his examination. "Pray, Miss," said he, with a sort of chuckle, "do you garter above or below the knee?" The answer was so low I could not hear it; but the old gentleman hobbled back to his

seat, apparently not quite satisfied with his reception. The married lady now pressed her kinswoman to put her question in turn: but she would by no means consent to it, hinting that she could not think of putting her mouth to a trumpet that had so lately been polluted by the lips of a male. My friend the Gascon, on being told of her refusal, seemed to enjoy some joke that had struck him, and, as they sometimes think aloud, was muttering to himself. I heard the words, "*d'une certain age;*" but he stopped short, and said aloud, that the lady certainly thought it was more *selon les règles* for her to be asked questions than to ask them. Miss Martha pursed up her lips, and said something of impertinence and mixed companies. It is almost four, said her kinswoman; and taking up the lap-dog, walked out of the room, leaning upon Miss Martha, and telling her husband to follow them. The Frenchman was on

his feet in an instant; and, skipping over the benches, got down stairs in time enough to call her servant, and to hand, first her lap-dog, and then its mistress, into the carriage, that waited for them. He offered his hand to Miss Martha, who would not accept of it. The husband brushed past him with a look that did not seem to thank him for his attentions. "Go home," said the lady to the footman, who looked to her for the order; and the coach drove from the door. The French gentleman turned to me, who was standing behind in the entrance; "*En Angleterre le marriage est une affaire si sombre*"—In England marriage is so gloomy a business." "*Quelquefois*—sometimes," said I smiling. My Frenchman caught himself immediately. "*Assurément, Monsieur n'est pas marié.*" I assured him I was not married. "*Il n'en a pas l'air*,—You have not the look on't." This, in his

opinion, was both a felicitation and a compliment; and so it had one of my best bows at parting.

No. 25. SATURDAY, *July* 23, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER. *

SIR,

THOUGH I presume, from your account of yourself, that you occasionally visit the theatre, and go there like your friend Colonel Caustic, to see the play as well as the company; I do not observe that you have yet favoured us with any remarks on the entertainments of the stage. This

* The criticism on the tragedy of the *Fair Penitent*, which I think an extremely just one, was written by Mr D. Hume. The latter part of this paper would not have appeared to me of sufficient importance to entitle it to a place in this edition, did it not contain a compliment, which I did not wish to suppress, to an actress equally entitled to respect in her private character, as to the applause which she has never failed to receive in her professional one.

I regard in a manner as part of your duty. Whatever has so powerful an effect in forming the manners as the theatre, falls properly within the department of one who wishes to mark their progress. Even as a mere amusement, that which occupies so great a space in the time of the idle, should attract the notice of the Lounger. The field, you know, Sir, is wide: for even in the best of our English pieces there is great room for improvement, and much to be found fault with. The Fair Penitent, for example, which stands high in the list, is in many respects imperfect, if not reprehensible; which censure that I may justify, (as also to take a share in the labour which I exhort you to,) let me attempt to shew wherein it is that the piece is chiefly defective.

For this purpose, we must first direct our attention to the characters; which are by no means such as to support or

promote the interest of the situation. The heroine herself is very far from being an amiable or unexceptionable lady. Her slight pretensions to the title of *penitent* have often been remarked; and indeed the whole style of her character, exclusive of the objections that lie against it in a moral view, is of that fierce, unbending, and unfeminine sort, which we cannot easily pity in misfortune, or forgive in error. For the weakness and the guilt of her love, she has not that apology which some unfortunate females derive from the bewitching qualities of their seducers. The object of her passion is a vain, a profligate, and undisguised libertine, whose treatment of her had been so utterly base and unmanly, as even to make her dread, that the secret of her favours might not be safely lodged with him. The "fineness of his form," is the only attractive quality we perceive about him; a motive to love which sinks

the lady equally in our estimation of her virtue, and in our opinion of her understanding.

If such is the impression that Calista makes on her first appearance, her conduct in the course of the piece by no means removes it. Her behaviour to Horatio, when he intimates his suspicions of her guilty correspondence, and holds up to her, her own letter in support of the charge, is the very height of effrontery; as indeed the attempt which follows, to turn the sword of her injured husband against the bosom of his best friend, because he had detected her falsehood, is a stroke of wickedness, (for it deserves no gentler name,) which deprives her of all title to sympathy. We remain accordingly, till the beginning of the fifth act, almost indifferent about her fate; or perhaps we rather enjoy her difficulties and embarrassments. Then indeed, after her

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shame has been divulged; when the object of her guilty flame is now no more; when she is set before us, forsaken of every friend, and without prospect of peace but in the grave; when now the stormy passions that had transported her, having subsided, are followed by settled sorrow; and her haughty soul, bowed down by misfortunes, at length submits to own that she had done amiss, to intreat forgiveness, and to be grateful for a little tenderness:—in these circumstances our tears begin to take her part, as they would that of any object, however undeserving, reduced to so wretched a situation, and throwing herself entirely on our pity. The scene between her and Altamont, where she makes confession of her own demerit, and prays for a companion to him more deserving of his virtues, is interesting; and still more so that which precedes it between

her and Sciolto; which is indeed by far the best in the play. We should mistake, however, in attributing its effect to our interest in Calista; for the venerable good old man has by much the greatest share in it; whose affection for his child, contending with his rigid sense of honour, forms a spectacle that draws at once our admiration and our love. Sciolto, indeed, is the most interesting, as well as most respectable person of the drama; his situation, his character, and his feelings, equally inspire our reverence for his virtue, and our pity for his misfortunes.

If the character of Calista offend us by its fierceness, that of Altamont disgusts us by its insignificance. Of him we know little more than this, which is far from being enough, that he is an ardent admirer of Calista. We are told indeed by the other persons of the piece, that he is "an excellent young man," and inherits all his

father's virtues. But these encomiums by his friends make him no favourite with the spectator, who knows nothing of his father, and is attached only by what he himself sees, and observes, and finds reason for; not by what he hears related, or is desired to believe. Now, what of Altamont is presented, is boyish, silly, and extravagant; we neither sympathise with his joy for the acquisition, nor in his despair for the loss of a mistress who receives his adoration with such indifference, and yields him her hand with such unwillingness. We feel the meanness, as well as indelicacy, of his situation, and are tempted to despise him for accepting a bride on such mortifying conditions.

When love, as in the case of Altamont, is the only prominent part of a character, its object should be rendered worthy of its ardour. Neither for Altamont's affection for Calista, nor Calista's for Lothario, has the poet furnished such an

epology. The first is mean, though it may be honest; the last is nearly as contemptible, and much less pure; here it is silly, there it is criminal.

Horatio's character is of a better stamp; but he is not a principal in the action. At the same time, the behaviour of this "far-famed friend of noble Altamont," is not in every instance just what we expect of him; especially in the first meeting between him and that unfortunate youth, after the full discovery of Calista's guilt; on which occasion, instead of considering the bitter disappointment his young friend had met with, and preventing him by an unsolicited forgiveness, which is what we look for from the calm and generous temper of Horatio; he abuses and reviles him with all the sharpness of an enemy, and can hardly be won to forget his offence.

There is one other person of the drama, whom we had almost forgot to take notice of; a lady too; Lavinia, the spouse of

Horatio; a very deserving person doubtless, as well as her brother Altamont, but withal extremely insipid; and so much the less allowed for, that she is quite unnecessary; her presence serving only to introduce two dull scenes of conjugal endearment between her and her husband.

The conduct of the piece, though by no means so exceptionable as the manners, is not without a fault. We may observe of many English plays, and some of these among the best in the language, Mr Home's *Douglas*, for example, that they are languid towards the conclusion, owing to the inability of the poet to suspend the unravelling of his story; or, as the poet will tell us, owing to the arbitrary rule which prescribes, that a tragedy shall not consist of fewer acts than five; to comply with which, he is obliged either to continue the story beyond its natural and proper term, or else to

swell the piece with artificial scenes, that contribute little to heighten our interest, or to advance the action. The embarrassment of this rule has been felt by the author of the Fair Penitent. After the death of Lothario, which happens as early as the beginning of the fourth act, he is evidently at a loss to fill up the remainder of the play, and not a little puzzled how to keep the heroine alive till the end of it. This was indeed no small difficulty; as it is not easy to imagine what should restrain so proud and violent a personage one moment from escaping despair and infamy, and setting herself at liberty, after "the broad shame" of her discovery with Lothario. Mr Rowe seems by no means successful in the attempt. Soon after Lothario's fall, we are informed, that a tumult has arisen in consequence of it among the partisans of that young nobleman, and that Sciolto's palace is attacked. The old man goes forth

to repel their violence: the event we are never told of; but we must suppose it favourable, as he afterwards appears in safety. Horatio is in like manner assaulted in the streets: but this scuffle produces not, more than the former, any consequence whatever; if it be not, that Lavinia comes forward to distress us with her alarms about the safety of her lord. We are next presented with the long superfluous scene of reconciliation between him and Altamont. Follows, in the beginning of the fifth act, the spectacle of Lothario's dead body, with the music, the book, the tapers, and the black hangings; by what means so furnished out, or for what service intended, it is not easy to discover. And in the end, Sciolto, who had given orders to have his gates well guarded, and had summoned his friends to attend him in his palace, having, against all probability, stolen out alone and unattended, on some errand unknown to any body,

receives his death by means which we have not seen prepared, and in a manner which we do not understand. It is this circumstance that determines Calista's resolution: for though there had before this been much talking about death, and a great deal of preparation for it, still she had unaccountably delayed the execution of a purpose, which she had from the beginning prepared us to expect whenever her guilt should be discovered; and which the desperate and horrid circumstances attending the discovery should have confirmed and accelerated. Thus, in the middle of the fourth act, a new spring of movement is brought into play; and the action is afterwards forced on, not by the passions of the principal personages, which had till then advanced it, and which alone ought to do that duty, but by the party-zeal of (we know not who) Lothario's friends: a power which we may suppose, if we please, but which we feel ourselves

under no manner of necessity to suppose. Farther, the death of Sciolto is not well interwoven with that fresh thread, detached from the texture of the piece as it is, but figures as a mere accident; insomuch, that we are almost equally surprised on being told of it, as if we were to hear that he had dropped down in a fit of apoplexy.

With all this, the play has beauties that must be relished by every reader of taste. It is particularly eminent for elegance and richness of expression throughout. The descriptions (with which it abounds) are equal to any in the language. And the subordinate degrees of all the passions, especially the amiable, are touched for the most part both with spirit and with delicacy. The highly pathetic, however, is not any where to be met with in it, if we except one instance, in the scene already taken notice of between Calista and her father. We must particularly remark

the want of genuine pathos in Calista's noted soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act, where that lady is by far too much mistress of herself, and discourses in a style very foreign to her circumstances: instead of being lost in the thoughts of her situation, she remarks on the scene, as a spectator might, that "here's room for meditation." She tries the book, and descants upon the vanity of its precepts: she listens to the music, and approves the style of it: she expatiates on the pageantry of the death's head and bones; while the corse of the loved youth, who had wrought all her troubles, is noticed in fewer words than are bestowed on any of the other topics; and these words, only an exclamation at the ghastliness of its appearance. This composure and unconcern are by no means what we look for from the ardent spirit of Calista, sitting at midnight by the dead body of her "dear betrayer." She had loved

Lothario with passion; and her fondness for him had confessedly a little while ago full possession of her breast. Only a few hours have passed since he was slaughtered in her presence. His faults are now expiated in his blood. She is a woman, not a Cato; and she had hitherto been represented as of a violent temper, rather than firm: so that we now indulge in the full hope to hear the genuine voice of grief and despair, uttering not a single word but what immediately relates to her situation, and is suggested by it. It is not enough that she tells us, the mind may here burst with thinking, and that she is full of anguish which no discipline can cure; nor that she feed the phrenzy of her soul with solemn sounds, and invoke the infernal gods to match the horror around her. A thousand such fanciful exclamations express not truly any distress. They are not the language of anguish, which dwells, like every other

strong feeling, steadily on its object, and is occupied with that alone, and not with talking of itself. It is the very griefs of Calista, the sources of pain opened afresh by the sight of Lothario, as he there lies, —compassion for his fate,—revived affection for his person,—the present scene compared with their stolen interview of love, —the desolation she has spread around her,—her despair of relief;—these are the subjects we expect to see pursuing one another in her thoughts; and till these appear, say Calista what she may about her agonies, we are neither disposed to believe nor to pity them. Yours, &c.

THEATRICUS.

To shew that I take in good part the suggestion of my correspondent at the

beginning of his letter, I will add to his observations on the tragedy in question, a few lines, to inform him, that I was one of the audience, who attended its representation some evenings ago; and received that very high entertainment, which the performance of Mrs Siddons always affords. Amidst the defects which Theatricus very justly remarks in the character of Calista, there is, however, a variety of high and stormy passion, which gives scope to the astonishing powers of this incomparable actress. These she displayed so forcibly, that some who had not investigated the character so closely as my correspondent, thought "she o'erstepped the modesty of nature in the force and whirlwind of her passion." But let it be remembered, that Calista is a woman haughty and impetuous in the highest degree, and that the defence of guilt is always loud in proportion as

it is hollow. In this, indeed, lay the admirable art with which she played the scene with Horatio; she rose in violence, as the accusation was pressed upon her, and met his reproof and admonition, with the fierceness of resentment and of pride, struggling with the anguish of guilt and of shame. Nor did she fail to give the poet, (as is usual with her) some merit not his own, by infusing into the latter part of the play, that tenderness of which she knows so well how to unlock the springs. In the last interview with her father particularly, and in her dying speech to Altamont, she conveyed this impression so strongly, that we quite forgot the blame which our justice should have laid upon Calista, and our tears flowed for her misfortunes, with all the nterest of compassion, and all the consciousness of virtue.

But the language of encomium is so

familiar to this lady, that it were trite to continue it. In recalling her performance, I tried a much more difficult task, to remember some defect. One trifling error I imagined I discovered. In marking the sentiments of contempt and insolence, she sometimes used a voice, and assumed a countenance, rather of too familiar a kind. When she uttered the following lines,

" And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous—
" Is this the famous friend of Altamont?—
" ———a tale-bearing officious fellow—
" Who guiltless dies because her fool ran mad"—

And the evening before, in Lady Macbeth,

———" Was the hope drunk
" In which you dressed yourself?—
" Letting, I dare not, wait upon I would,
" Like the old cat i'the adage."

Methought in her speaking of such pas-

sages, there was a tone and look more allied to the comic than the tragic muse, and hardly dignified enough for the importance of the situation, or the high feeling of the moment, in which they were pronounced. It was an observation of some of the great French actors upon Garrick, that he spoke admirably well the language of passion, but not quite as a hero would speak it. Though one might trace something of the *costume* of Paris in this remark, yet undoubtedly there is a form which passion puts on, different in different situations. Perhaps, too, there is a certain deception in our ideas of what the station or character of the person should impress upon his feelings, which the very truth and genuine colour of nature may sometimes offend. We have all our prejudices, like Partridge, though they may not be altogether so simple. It is very seldom, however, that we have any room for a com-

plaint of this sort. It is only in a Garrick or a Siddons that nature presses so close on us, that she "galls our kibe."

No. 27. SATURDAY, *August* 6, 1785.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. HOR.

IN forming the minds and regulating the conduct of men, nothing seems to be of greater importance than a proper system of what may be termed domestic morality; the science of those relative duties, which do not apply only to particular situations, to large fortunes, to exalted rank, to extensive influence, but which constitute that part and character in life which almost every one is called to perform.

Of all above the lower ranks, of all who claim the station or the feelings of a gentleman, the knowledge of this science is

either inculcated by family precept and example, or is endeavoured to be instilled by reading. In the latter case, the works made use of for that purpose, are either purely didactic, which speak the language of authoritative wisdom; historical, which hold forth the example of past events to the judgment; or they are of that sort which are calculated to mould the heart and the manners through the medium of the imagination. Of this last class, the principal are stories or novels, and theatrical compositions. On the subjects of novels, I have in a former paper delivered a few general remarks, calculated to ascertain their moral tendency. In this I propose extending my consideration to dramatic writing; and, as it is nearest to the novel, at least to that species which I principally considered in the paper alluded to, I shall begin with a similar examination of tragedy.

The engines which tragedy professes to use for moral instruction, are the passions. The father of dramatic criticism has told us, that tragedy "purges the passions by exciting them:" a proposition, which, from its short apothegmatical form, is subject to considerable obscurity. A modern writer, in his defence of tragedy as a moral exhibition, explains its meaning, by the analogy of the Spartan custom of making their slaves drunk, and shewing them in that beastly state to their children, in order to inspire a detestation for the vice of intemperance. But if this is to furnish us with an illustration of Aristotle's assertion, I am afraid it will not aid the cause of tragedy as a school of morals. It was from the previous contempt of the rank and manners of the drunkard, that the Spartan boy was to form his estimate of drunkenness. The vice of a slave could hardly fail to disgust him. But had they shewn him

the vice itself, how loathsome and degrading soever in its own nature, in a person of superior respect and estimation, what would have been the consequence? The fairest answer may be drawn from the experience of those countries where freemen get drunk, where senators and leaders of armies are sometimes intoxicated. The youths, who behold these examples the oftenest, are not the least liable to follow them. I am afraid it is even so with tragedy. Scenes presenting passions and vices, round which the poet throws the veil of magnanimity, which he decorates with the pomp of verse, with the splendor of eloquence, familiarise the mind to their appearance, and take from it that natural disgust which the crimes, presented in their native form, would certainly excite. Cruelty, revenge, and murder, are often the attributes of the hero; for he must always be the hero on whom the principal stress of the action lies.

What punishment awaits, or what misfortunes attend, his crimes, is little to the purpose; if the villain is the prominent figure of the piece, he will be the hero of the tragedy, as the robber, though he is about to be hanged, is the hero of the trial, or the execution. But even of the nobler characters, does not the morality of sentiment often yield to the immorality of situation? Treachery is often the fruit of wisdom and of resolution; murder, an exertion of valour; and suicide, the resource of virtuous affliction. It will be remembered, that it is not so much from what the hero says, as from what he does, that an impression is drawn. The repentant lines which Cato speaks when he is dying, are never regarded. It is the dagger only we remember, that dagger by which he escaped from chains, and purchased immortality.

But the leading passion of modern tra-

gedy is one to which Aristotle could scarce have meant his rule to apply; because in ancient tragedy it was almost unknown. The passion I allude to is *love*. The manners and society of modern times necessarily led to this change in the drama. For the observation which some suthors have made is perfectly just, that the sentiments of the stage will always be such as are flattering, rather than corrective of national manners and national failings; superstition in Greece, gallantry in France, freedom and courage in England. In every popular exhibition this must be the case. Even the sacredness and authority of the pulpit is not exempted from its influence. In polite chapels, preachers exhort to morality: in crowded churches of less fashionable people, they enlarge on doctrinal subjects, on faith and sanctification. But the very existence of the stage depends on that public opinion which it is not to

reform but to conciliate: and Dr Johnson's expression is not the less true for its quaintness;

They that live to please, must please to live.

To this necessary conformity to the manners of the audience, is owing the introduction of love into almost all our dramatic compositions; and those, as might be expected, are most in favour with the young, where this passion is allowed the most extensive influence, and the most unlimited power. It was this which, when it was the fashion for genteel people to pay attention to tragedies, drew such audiences to Lee's Theodosius, and to Dryden's Antony and Cleopatra, where the length of the speeches, and the thinness of the incidents, would have been as tiresome to them as a sermon, had it not been for a tenderness and an extravagance of that passion, which every

girl thought she could feel, and believed she could understand. The moral consequences of such a drama it is unnecessary to question. Even where this passion is purified and refined to its utmost degree, it may be fairly held, that every species of composition, whether narrative or dramatic, which places the only felicity of life in successful love, is unfavourable to the strength and purity of a young mind. It holds forth that single object to the ambition and pursuit of both sexes, and thus tends to enfeeble and repress every other exertion. This increases a source of weakness and corruption, which it is the business of a good instructor to correct and overcome, by setting before the minds of his pupils other objects, other attainments, of a nobler and less selfish kind. But in that violence, in that tyranny of dominion, with which love is invested in many of our tragedies, it overbears every virtue and every duty.

The obligations of justice and of humanity sink before it. The king, the chief, the patriot, forgets his people, his followers, and his country; while parents and children mention the dearest objects of natural attachment only to lead them in the triumph of their love.

It is the business of tragedy to exhibit the passions, that is, the weaknesses of men. Ancient tragedy shewed them in a simple manner; virtue and vice were strongly and distinctly marked, wisdom and weakness were easily discriminated; and though vice might be sometimes palliated, and weakness excused, the spectator could always discover the character of each. But in the modern drama there is an uncertain sort of outline, a blended colouring, by which the distinction of these objects is frequently lost. The refinement of modern audiences calls for shades of character more delicate than those which the stage formerly exhibited; the

consequence is, that the bounds of right and wrong are often so uncertainly marked, as not to be easily distinguished; and if the powers of poetry, or the eloquence of sentiment, should be on the side of the latter, it will require a greater firmness of mind than youth or inexperience is master of, to resist it.

Reason condemns every sort of weakness; but passion, enthusiasm, and sickly sensibility, have dignified certain weaknesses with the name of amiable; and the young, of whom some are susceptible, and others affect susceptibility, think it often an honour to be subject to their control. In tragedy, or tragic writing, they often find such characters for their imitation. Such characters, being various, complicated, and fluctuating, are the properest for tragedy. The poets have not neglected to avail themselves of that circumstance: their dramas are filled with such characters, who shift the hue and

colour of their minds, according to the change of situation, or the variety of incident; or sometimes, whose minds, in the hands of the poet, produce that change, and create that variety. Wisdom and virtue, simple, uniform, and unchanging, only superior artists can draw, and superior spectators enjoy.

No. 28. SATURDAY, *August* 13, 1785.

CONTINUATION OF THE REMARKS UPON TRAGEDY.

THE high heroic virtue we see exemplified in tragedy, warms the imagination, and swells the mind; but being distant from the ordinary feelings and exertions of life, has, I suspect, but little influence upon the conduct. On the contrary, it may be fairly doubted, whether this play of the fancy, in the walks of virtue and benevolence, does not lessen the exertion of those qualities in practice and reality. *Indocilis privata loqui*, said Lucan of Cæsar: So, in some measure, he who is deeply conversant in the tragic phrase, in the swelling language of com-

passion, of generosity, and of love, finding no parallel in his common intercourse with mankind, will not so readily open his heart to the calls on his feeling, which the vulgar distresses of his fellow-creatures, or the ordinary relations of life, may occasion. In stage misfortunes, in fancied sufferings, the drapery of the figure hides its form; and real distress, coming in a homely and unornamented state, disgusts the eye, which had poured its tears over the hero of tragic misery, or the martyr of romantic woe. Real calamity offends with its coarseness, and therefore is not produced on the scene, which exhibits in its stead the fantastic griefs of a delicate and high-wrought sensibility. Lillo, in his Fatal Curiosity, presented extreme poverty as the distress of the scene; and the moral of his piece was to inculcate, that poverty was not to be shunned, nor wealth pursued, at the expence of honesty and virtue. A mo-

dern audience did not relish a distress so real, but gave their tears to the widow of St Valori, who was mad for the loss of a husband killed twenty years before. From the same cause, the Gamester, one of the best and most moral of our latter tragedies, though successively represented by the greatest players, has never become popular. And even now the part of Mrs Beverly (the first character of the first actress in the world) is performed to indifferent houses.

The tragic poet is striving to distress his hero, that he may move his audience: it is not his business to equalize the affliction to the evil that occasions it; the effect is what he is to exhibit, which he is to clothe in the flowing language of poetry, and the high colouring of imagination; and if the cause be not very disproportionate indeed, the reader, or the spectator, will not find fault with it. Castalio, in the *Orphan* (a play so grossly im-

moral, that it were unfair in me to quote it, except as illustrative of this single argument,) is mad with anguish and with rage, because his wife's maid refuses him access to her apartment, according to the previous appointment they had made; and Orosmane, in *Zayre*, remains "*immobile, et sa langue glacée*," because his bride begs him to defer their marriage for a day. Yet these were disappointments which the lover of Otway, and much more the hero of Voltaire, might surely have borne with greater fortitude.

If we are to apply all this in example, it seems to have a tendency to weaken our mind to our own sufferings, without opening it to the sufferings of others. The real evils which the dignity of the scene hides from our view, are those which we ought to pity in our neighbours; the fantastic and imaginary distresses which it exhibits, are those we are apt to indulge in ourselves. Here then

tragedy adds to the list of our calamities, without increasing the catalogue of our virtues.

As tragedy thus dignifies the distresses, so it elevates the actions of its personages, their virtues, and their vices. But this removes virtue at a greater distance from us, and brings vice nearer; it exalts the first to a point beyond our imitation, and ennobles the latter to a degree above our abhorrence. Shakespeare, who generally discriminates strongly the good and ill qualities of his characters, has yet exhibited a Macbeth, a tyrant and a murderer, whom we are disposed rather to pity than to hate. "Modern tragedy," says a celebrated critic, "has become more a school of virtue than the ancient, by being more the theatre of passion: an Othello, hurried by jealousy to murder his innocent wife; a Jaffier, ensnared by resentment and want, to engage in a conspiracy, and then stung with remorse and

involved in ruin; a Siffredi, through the deceit which he employs for public-spirited ends, bringing destruction on all whom he loved: these are the examples which tragedy now displays, by means of which it inculcates on men the proper government of their passions." I am afraid, if we appeal to the feelings of the audience at the conclusion of any of those pieces, we shall not find the effect to be what is here supposed. Othello we rather pity for his jealousy, than hate as a murderer. With Jaffier and his associates we are undoubtedly leagued against the rulers of Venice; and even the faith and tenderness of Belvidera hardly make us forgive her for betraying their secret. The sentiments of Siffredi, however wise and just, are disregarded where they impeach the dignity and super-eminence of love. His deceit indeed is blamed, which is said to be the moral of the piece; but it is blamed, because it hindered the union

answer, that if the person uttering them is punished in the course, or at the end of the play, the expiation is sufficiently made; if the sentiments at the time are shrewdly imagined, and forcibly expressed, they will have a powerful effect on the mind, and leave impressions which the retribution of poetical justice will hardly be able to efface.

On poetical justice, indeed, I do not lay so much stress as some authors have done. I incline to be of the opinion of one of my predecessors, that we are frequently more roused to a love of virtue, and a hatred of vice, when virtue is unfortunate, and vice successful, than when each receives the recompence it merits. But I impute more to striking incidents, to the sentiments running through the tenor of a piece, than to the general impression of its *denouement*. Mons. D'Alembert says, that in any sort of spectacle which would leave the poet more at liberty than

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But it is not only from the vices or imperfections of tragic characters, that we are to fear the danger of familiarising the

approach of evil, or encouraging the growth of error. Their very virtues, I fear, are often dangerous to form the principles, or draw the imitation of their readers. Theirs are not so much the useful, the productive virtues (if I may be allowed the expression) of real life, as the shining and showy qualities, which attract the applause, or flatter the vanity, of the unthinking. The extreme, the enthusiasm even of a laudable propensity, takes from its usefulness to others, and degenerates into a blind and headlong indulgence in the possessor. In the greatest part of modern tragedies, such are the qualities of the persons that are most in favour with the public. In what relates to passive excellence, prudence to avoid evils, or fortitude to bear them, are not the virtues of tragedy, conversant as it is with misfortune; it is proud to indulge in sorrow, to pour its tears without the controul of reason, to die of disappointments

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I am not, however, insensible of the value, perhaps but too sensible of the power, of these productions of fancy and of genius. Nor am I so much a bigot to the opinions I have delivered, as to deny that there are uses, noble uses, which such productions may serve, amidst the dangers to which they sometimes expose their readers. The region of exalted virtue, of dignified sentiment, into which they transport us, may have a considerable effect in changing the cold and unfeeling temperament of worldly minds; the indifferent and the selfish may be warmed and expanded by the fiction of distress, and the eloquence of feeling. In the present age, and among certain ranks, indifference and selfishness have become a sort of virtues, and fashion has some-

times taught the young to pride themselves on qualities so unnatural to them. To combat these "giants of the rock," romance and tragedy may be very usefully employed; and that race must have become worthless and degenerate indeed, whom their terrors shall fail to rouse, and their griefs to melt.

Nor, as an amusement, can the elegance of that which is drawn from the perusal of a well-written novel, or the representation of a well-composed tragedy, be disputed. It certainly is as much a nobler, as it is a more harmless employment of time, than its waste in frivolous dissipation, or its abuse in the vigils of play. But there is a certain sort of mind common in youth, and that too of the most amiable kind, tender, warm, and visionary, to which the walks of fancy and enthusiasm, of romantic love, of exaggerated sorrow, of trembling sensibility, are very unsafe. To readers of this com-

plexion, the amusement which the works above-mentioned afford, should, I think, be sparingly allowed, and judiciously chosen. In such bosoms, feeling or susceptibility must be often repressed or directed; to encourage it by premature or unnatural means, is certainly hurtful. They resemble some luxuriant soils, which may be enriched beyond a wholesome fertility, till weeds are their only produce; weeds, the more to be regretted, as, in the language of a novelist himself, "they grow in the soil from which virtue should have sprung."

No 29. SATURDAY, *August* 20, 1785.

THE advantages and use of Biography have of late been so often mentioned, and are now so universally allowed, that it is needless for any modern author to set them forth. That department of writing, however, has been of late years so much cultivated, that it has fared with biography as with every other art; it has lost much of its dignity in its commonness, and many lives have been presented to the public, from which little instruction or amusement could be drawn. Individuals have been traced in minute and ordinary actions, from which no consequences could arise, but to the private circle of their own families and friends, and in the detail of which we saw no pas-

of Tancred and Sigismunda, which, from the very beginning of the play, is the object in which the reader or spectator is interested. Reverse the situation, make it a contrivance to defeat the claim of the tyrant's daughter, to give the throne to Tancred, and to place Sigismunda there at his side, the audience would admire its ingenuity, and rejoice in its success.

In the mixture of a plot, and amidst the variety of situations, where weaknesses are flattered and passions indulged, at the same time that virtues are displayed and duties performed, one set of readers will enjoy the pleasure of the first, while those only who have less need to be instructed will seize the instruction of the latter. When Marcus dies for his country, the ladies in the side-boxes only consider his death as removing the bar to the marriage of Lucia with his brother Portius.

In tragedy, as in novel, which is sometimes a kind of tragedy, the author is

obliged, in justification of weak characters, to elevate villainous ones, or to throw round their vices a bewitching address and captivating manners. Lovelace is made a character which the greater number of girls admire, in order to justify the seduction of Clarissa. Lothario, though very inferior, is something of the same cast, to mitigate the crime of Calista. The story would not be probable else;—granted; but in proportion to the art of the poet in rendering it probable, he heightens the immoral effect of which I complain.

As the incidents must be formed, so must the sentiments be introduced according to the character and condition of the person speaking them, not according to the laws of virtue, or the dictates of prudence. To give them this propriety, they must often be apologies for vice and for fraud, or contain ridicule against virtue and honesty. It is not sufficient to

answer, that if the person uttering them is punished in the course, or at the end of the play, the expiation is sufficiently made; if the sentiments at the time are shrewdly imagined, and forcibly expressed, they will have a powerful effect on the mind, and leave impressions which the retribution of poetical justice will hardly be able to efface.

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sion excited, no character developed, nothing that should distinguish them from those common occurrences,

Which dully took their course, and were forgotten.

Yet there are few even of those comparatively insignificant lives, in which men of a serious and thinking cast do not feel a certain degree of interest. A pensive mind can trace, in seemingly trivial incidents and common situations, something to feed reflection, and to foster thought; as the solitary naturalist culls the trodden weeds, and discovers in their form and texture the principles of vegetative nature. The motive, too, of the relater, often helps out the unimportance of his relation; and to the ingenuous and susceptible, there is a feeling not unpleasant in allowing for the partiality of gratitude, and the tediousness of him who recounts his obligations. The virtuous con-

nections of life and of the heart it is always pleasing to trace, even though the objects are neither new nor striking. Like those familiar paintings that shew the inside of cottages, and the exercise of village duties, such narratives come home to the bosoms of the worthy, who feel the relationship of virtue, and acknowledge her family wherever it is found. And perhaps there is a calmer and more placid delight in viewing her amidst these unimportant offices, than when we look up to her invested in the pomp of greatness, and the pride of power.

I have been led to these reflections by an account, with which a correspondent has furnished me, of some particulars in the life of an individual, a native of this country, who died a few weeks ago in London, Mr William Strahan, printer to his majesty. His title to be recorded in a work of this sort my correspondent argues from a variety of considerations un-

necessary to be repeated. One which applies particularly to the public office of the Lounger, I will take the liberty to mention. He was the author of a paper in the Mirror; a work in the train of which I am proud to walk, and am glad of an opportunity to plead my relation to it, by inserting the eloge (I take that word as custom has sanctified it, without adopting its abstract signification) of one of its writers.

Mr Strahan was born at Edinburgh in the year 1715. His father, who had a small appointment in the customs, gave his son the education which every lad of decent rank then received in a country where the avenues to learning were easy, and open to men of the most moderate circumstances. After having passed through the tuition of a grammar-school, he was put apprentice to a printer; and when a very young man, removed to a wider sphere in that line of business, and

went to follow his trade in London. Sober, diligent, and attentive, while his emoluments were for some time very scanty, he contrived to live rather within than beyond his income; and though he married early, and without such a provision as prudence might have looked for in the establishment of a family, he continued to thrive, and to better his circumstances. This he would often mention as an encouragement to early matrimony; and used to say, that he never had a child born that Providence did not send some increase of income to provide for the increase of his household. With sufficient vigour of mind, he had that happy flow of animal spirits, that is not easily discouraged by unpromising appearances. By him who can look with firmness upon difficulties, their conquest is already half atchieved; but the man on whose heart and spirits they lie heavy, will scarcely be able to

bear up against their pressure. The forecast of timid, or the disgust of too delicate minds, are very unfortunate attendants for men of business, who, to be successful, must often push improbabilities, and bear with mortifications.

His abilities in his profession, accompanied with perfect integrity and unabating diligence, enabled him, after the first difficulties were overcome, to get on with rapid success. And he was one of the most flourishing men in the trade, when, in the year 1770, he purchased a share of the patent for King's printer of Mr Eyre, with whom he maintained the most cordial intimacy during all the rest of his life. Besides the emoluments arising from this appointment, as well as from a very extensive private business, he now drew largely from a field which required some degree of speculative sagacity to cultivate; I mean that great literary proper-

ty which he acquired by purchasing the copy-rights of some of the most celebrated authors of the time. In this his liberality kept equal pace with his prudence, and in some cases went perhaps rather beyond it. Never had such rewards been given to the labours of literary men, as now were received from him and his associates in those purchases of copy-rights from authors.

Having now attained the first great object of business, wealth, Mr Strahan looked with a very allowable ambition on the stations of political rank and eminence. Politics had long occupied his active mind, which he had for many years pursued as his favourite amusement, by corresponding on that subject with some of the first characters of the age. Mr Strahan's queries to Dr Franklin in the year 1769, respecting the discontents of the Americans, published in the London Chronicle of 28th July 1778,

shew the just conception he entertained of the important consequences of that dispute, and his anxiety as a good subject to investigate, at that early period, the proper means by which their grievances might be removed, and a permanent harmony restored between the two countries. In the year 1775, he was elected a member of Parliament for the borough of Malmsbury, in Wiltshire, with a very illustrious colleague, the Hon. C. J. Fox; and in the succeeding parliament, for Wotton Basset, in the same county. In this station, applying himself with that industry which was natural to him, he attended the House with a scrupulous punctuality, and was a useful member. His talents for business acquired the consideration to which they were entitled, and were not unnoticed by the minister.

In his political connections he was constant to the friends to whom he had first

been attached. He was a steady supporter of that party who were turned out of administration in spring 1784, and lost his seat in the House of Commons by the dissolution of Parliament, with which that change was followed; a situation which he did not shew any desire to resume on the return of the new Parliament.

One motive for his not wishing a seat in the present Parliament, was a feeling of some decline in his health, which had rather suffered from the long sittings and late hours with which the political warfare in the last had been attended. Though without any fixed disease, his strength was visibly declining; and though his spirits survived his strength, yet the vigour and activity of his mind were also considerably impaired. Both continued gradually to decline, till his death, which happened on Saturday the 9th July 1785, in the 71st year of his age.

Of names acquired by industry, the disposal is often ruled by caprice, as if the owners wished to shew their uncontrolled power over that wealth which their own exertions had attained, by a whimsical disposal of it after their death. In this, as in other particulars, Mr Strahan's discretion and good sense were apparent: he bequeathed his fortune in the most rational manner; and of that portion which was not left to his wife and children, the distribution was equally prudent and benevolent. Like his predecessor in trade, the celebrated Mr Bowyer, he left 1000 L. to the Stationers' Company, of which he was a member, to be stocked, for the benefit of decayed booksellers and printers.

Endued with much natural sagacity, and an attentive observation of life, Mr Strahan owed his rise to that station of opulence and respect which he attained, rather to his own talents and exertion,

than to any accidental occurrence of favourable or fortunate circumstances. His mind, though not deeply tinctured with learning, was not uninformed by letters. From a habit of attention to style, he had acquired a considerable portion of critical acuteness in the discernment of its beauties and defects. In one branch of writing himself excelled, I mean the epistolary, in which he not only shewed the precision and clearness of business, but possessed a neatness as well as fluency of expression, which I have known few letter-writers to surpass. Letter-writing was one of his favourite amusements; and among his correspondents were men of such eminence and talents, as well repaid his endeavours to entertain them. One of these, as we have before mentioned, was the justly celebrated Dr Franklin, originally a printer like Mr Strahan, and his fellow-workman in early life in a

printing-house in London, whose friendship and correspondence he continued to enjoy, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments in political matters, which often afforded pleasantry, but never mixed any thing acrimonious in their letters. One of the latest he received from his illustrious and venerable friend, contained a humourous allegory of the state of politics in Britain, drawn from the profession of printing, of which, though the doctor had quitted the exercise, he had not forgotten the terms.

There are stations of acquired greatness which make men proud to recal the lowness of that from which they rose. The native eminence of Franklin's mind was above concealing the humbleness of his origin. Those only who possess no intrinsic elevation are afraid to sully the honours to which accident has raised them by the recollection of that obscurity whence they sprung.

Of this recollection Mr Strahan was rather proud than ashamed; and I have heard those who were disposed to censure him, blame it as a kind of ostentation in which he was weak enough to indulge. But methinks "'tis to consider too curiously, to consider it so." There is a kind of reputation which we may laudably desire, and justly enjoy; and he who is sincere enough to forego the pride of ancestry and of birth, may, without much imputation of vanity, assume the merit of his own elevation.

In that elevation, he neither triumphed over the inferiority of those he had left below him, nor forgot the equality in which they had formerly stood. Of their inferiority he did not even remind them, by the ostentation of grandeur, or the parade of wealth. In his house there was none of that saucy train, none of that state or finery, with which the illiberal delight to confound and to dazzle those

who may have formerly seen them in less favourable circumstances. No man was more mindful of, or more solicitous to oblige, the acquaintance or companions of his early days. The advice which his experience, or the assistance which his purse could afford, he was ready to communicate; and at his table in London every gentleman found an easy introduction, and every old acquaintance a cordial welcome. This was not merely a virtue of hospitality, or a duty of benevolence with him: he felt it warmly as a sentiment, and that paper in the Mirror, of which I mentioned him as the author, a letter from London in the 94th number of that publication, was, I am persuaded, a genuine picture of his feelings on the recollection of those scenes in which his youth had been spent, and of those companions with which it had been associated.

Such of them as still survive him will read the above short account of his life with in-

terest and with pleasure. For others, it may not be altogether devoid of entertainment or of use. If among the middling and busy ranks of mankind, it can afford an encouragement to the industry of those who are beginning to climb into life, or furnish a lesson of moderation to those who have attained its height; if to the first it may recommend honest industry and sober diligence; if to the latter it may suggest the ties of ancient fellowship and early connection, which the pride of wealth or of station loses as much dignity as it foregoes satisfaction by refusing to acknowledge; if it shall cheer one hour of despondency or discontent to the young; if it shall save one frown of disdain or of refusal to the unfortunate; the higher and more refined class of my readers will forgive the familiarity of the example, and consider, that it is not from the biography of heroes or of statesmen that instances can be

drawn to prompt the conduct of the bulk of mankind, or to excite the useful though less splendid virtues of private and domestic life.

No. 31. SATURDAY, *September* 3, 1785.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes.
VIRG.

ONE of the most natural, as well as one of the purest pleasures, arising from the effect of external objects on the mind, is the enjoyment of rural prospects and rural scenery. The ideas of health, contentment, peace, and innocence, are so interwoven with those of the country, that their connection has become proverbial; and the pleasures arising from it are not only celebrated by those who have experienced their sweets, but they are frequently supposed by thousands to whom they never were known, and de-

scribed by many by whom they have long been forgotten.

Of them, as of every other enjoyment, the value is enhanced by vicissitude; and long exclusion is one great ingredient in the delight of their attainment. Few have been so unfortunate, as to have an opportunity of forming a full idea of that pleasure which a great state-criminal is said to have felt, when, on being taken from his dungeon, he saw the light, and breathed the open air, though but for that short space which conducted him to his scaffold. But it may in some measure be conceived, from the satisfaction which most men have at times experienced, in changing the smoky atmosphere, and close corrupted vapour of a crowded town, for the pure elastic breeze of a furze-hill, or the balmy perfume of a bean-field.

With such increased enjoyment do I now feel the pleasures of the country, af-

ter being, as Milton says, "long in populous city pent." A very pressing invitation from my friend Colonel Caustic, prevailed over that indolence, which was always a part of my constitution, and which I feel advanced life nowise tend to diminish. Having one day missed half a dozen acquaintance, one after another, who I was informed had gone into the country; I came home in the evening, found a second letter from the Colonel urging my visit, read part of Virgil's second Georgic, looked from my highest window on the sun just about to set amidst the golden clouds of a beautiful western sky, and coming down stairs, I ordered my man to pack up my portmanteau, and next morning set out for my friend's country-seat, whence I now address my readers.

To me, who am accustomed to be idle without being vacant, whose thoughts are rather wandering than busy, and whose

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To me, who am accustomed to be idle without being vacant, whose thoughts are rather wandering than busy, and whose

fancy rather various than vivid, the soft and modest painting of nature in this beautiful retirement of my friend's is particularly suited. Here where I am seated at this moment, in a little shaded arbour with a sloping lawn in front, covered with some sheep that are resting in the noonday heat, with their lambkins around them; with a grove of pines on the right hand, through which a scarcely stirring breeze is heard faintly to whisper; with a brook on the left, to the gurgle of which the willows on its side seem to listen in silence: this landscape, with a back-ground of distant hills, on which one can discover the smoke of the shepherd's fire, rising in large lazy volumes to a thinly-fleckered sky; all this forms a scene peaceful though enlivened, oblivious of care yet rich in thought, which soothes my indolence with a congenial quiet, yet dignifies it with the swellings of enthusiasm, and the dreams of imagination.

On this subject of the enjoyment of rural contemplation, I was much pleased with some reflections lately sent me by a correspondent, who subscribes himself Eubulus. "It is the great error of mankind," says he, "that in the pursuit of happiness, they commonly seek for it in violent gratifications, in pleasures which are too intense in their degree to be of long duration, and of which even the frequent repetition blunts the capacity of enjoyment. There is no lesson more useful to mankind than that which teaches them, that the most rational happiness is averse to all turbulent emotions; that it is serene and moderate in its nature; that its ingredients are neither costly in the acquisition, nor difficult in the attainment, but present themselves almost voluntarily to a well-ordered mind, and are open to every rank and condition of life, where absolute indigence is excluded.

"The intellectual pleasures have this peculiar and superlative advantage over those that are merely sensual, that the most delightful of the former require no appropriation of their objects in order to their enjoyment. The contemplative man, who is an admirer of the beauties of nature, has an ideal property in all its objects. He enjoys the hill, the vale, the stream, the wood, the garden, with a pleasure more exquisite, because more unallayed, than that of their actual possessor. To him each enjoyment is heightened by the sense of that unremitting bounty which furnishes it; nor is he disquieted by the anxiety of maintaining a possession of which he cannot be deprived. How truly may he exclaim with the poet,

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave. *

"To a mind of that happy conformation which the poet here describes, the sources of pleasure are infinite. Nature is not less delightful in her general impressions, than when surveyed in detail; and to the former of these the verses above quoted seem chiefly to refer. It is certain, that we experience a high degree of pleasure in certain emotions, excited by the general contemplation of nature, when the attention does not dwell minutely upon any of the objects that surround us. Sympathy, the most powerful principle in the human composition, has a strong effect in constituting the pleasure here alluded to. The stillness of the country, and the tranquillity of its scenes,

* Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

years younger than the colonel, who keeps house for him) insists on the difference in stronger terms, and is surprised at my unbelief, even though it is confirmed by the register. Of her faith in this article she shews the sincerity, by her practice in household matters, having, as she tells me, for these fifteen or sixteen years past, taken out the greens from the fire-places at least a fortnight earlier than formerly, and not uncarpeting the rooms, nor taking down the window-curtains, till near a month later than she was wont to do.

On the appearance of his own fields the colonel does not say quite so much, the culture he has bestowed on them counteracting in that particular the natural deterioration; but wherever nature has been left to herself, her productions, according to him, have grown more scanty. When we start a hare, or flush a partridge in our walks, the colonel always tells me there is not one for ten in his grounds

that he used to see formerly; and he rather seemed to enjoy than condole with my want of sport, when I went yesterday a-fishing on the very same part of the river, from which he informed me he was of old sure of catching a dish of trouts in an hour's time, any day of the season. Nor was he quite well pleased with his man John's attempting to account for it, by his neighbour Lord Grubwell's having lately sent down a casting-net for the use of his gamekeeper.

On the subject of Lord Grubwell, however, in other matters, he is generally apt enough himself to expatiate. "This man," said he, "whose father acquired the fortune, which afterwards procured the son his title, has started into the rank, without the manners or the taste, of a gentleman. The want of the first, would only be felt those two or three times in the year, when one is obliged to meet with him; but the perversion of the latter,

with a full purse to give it way, makes his neighbourhood a very unfortunate one. That rising ground on the left, which was formerly one of the finest green swells in the world, he has put yon vile Gothic tower on, as he calls it, and has planted half a dozen little carronades on the top of it, which it is a favourite amusement with him to fire on holidays and birth-days, or when some respected visitor drinks tea there." "That will frighten your Dryads," said I, smiling. "It often frightens my sister," replied the colonel; "and I am weak enough to let it fret me. I can bear the man's nonsense, when it is not heard two miles off. That ugly dry gap in the bank opposite to us was the channel of a rill, of which he turned the course, to make a serpentine river for his Chinese bridge, which he had built, without knowing where to find water for it. And from the little hills behind, he has rooted out all the natural fringe of their

birch and oak shrub-wood, to cover their tops with stiff circular plantations. Then his temples and statues, with their white plaister and paint, meet one's eye in every corner. I have been fain to run up that hedge, to screen me from all those impertinencies, though it lost my favourite seat the best half of its prospect."

But Colonel Caustic has other wrongs from the innovations of his neighbour, which he suffers without telling them. —Lord Grubwell's improvements often trench on a feeling more tender than the colonel's taste, though that is delicate enough. The scenes around him have those ties upon my friend, which long acquaintance naturally gives them over a mind so susceptible as his. As the mythology of the ancients animated all nature, by giving a tutelary power to every wood and fountain, so he has peopled many of the objects in his view with the images of past events, of departed

friends, of warm affections, of tender regrets; and he feels the change, or sometimes even the improvement, as a sacrilege that drives the deity from the place. This sentiment of memory is felt but very imperfectly in a town: in the country it retains all its force; and with Colonel Caustic it operates in the strongest manner possible. Here he withdraws himself from an age which he thinks is in its decline, and finds in the world of remembrance that warmth of friendship, that purity of manners, that refinement of breeding, that elegance of form, that dignity of deportment, which charmed his youth. This is perhaps one cause of his severity, when at any time he mixes with mankind; 'tis like leaving an enlightened company of friends, for the frivolous society of ordinary men, which often overcomes the temper of the best-natured people, and, if it does not sink them into sadness and silence, will generally make them "humourous and peevish."

Even the recollection of sufferings endears to such a mind as Caustic's the scene that recals them. I observed, that wherever our stroll began, it commonly ended in a sombre walk, that led through a grove of beeches to a little sequestered dell. Here I remarked one tree fenced round in such a manner as shewed a particular attention to its growth. I stopped as we passed, and looked on it with a face of inquiry. "That tree," said the colonel, observing me, "is about forty years old." He went on a few paces—"It was planted by a lady,"—throwing his eye on the ground, and blushing, as I thought. "It was planted"—He walked some steps farther; looked back, and sighed. "She was then, one of the finest women in the world."

No. 32. SATURDAY, *September* 10, 1785.

I AM every day more and more disposed to congratulate myself on this visit to Colonel Caustic. Here I find him with all his good qualities brought forward, with all his failings thrown into the back ground, which only serve (to carry the simile a little farther) to give force and relief to the picture. I am now assured of what before I was willing to believe, that Caustic's spleen is of that sort which is the produce of the warmest philanthropy. As the admirer of painting is most offended with the scrawls of a dauber, as the enthusiast in music is most hurt with the discords of an ill-played instrument; so the lover of mankind, as his own sense of virtue has painted them, when

he comes abroad into life, and sees what they really are, feels the disappointment in the severest manner; and he will often indulge in satire beyond the limits of discretion; while indifference or selfishness will be contented to take men as it finds them, and never allow itself to be disquieted with the soreness of disappointed benevolence, or the warmth of indignant virtue.

I have likewise made an acquisition of no inconsiderable value in the acquaintance of Colonel Caustic's sister. His affection for her is of that genuine sort, which was to be expected from the view of his character I have given. The first night of my being here, when Miss Caustic was to retire after supper, her brother rose, drew back the large arm-chair in which she sat at table with one hand, pulled the bell-string with the other, opened the parlour door while she was making her curtsy to me, and then saluted her

as she went out, and bid her good-night; and all this with a sort of tender ceremony which I felt then, and feel still, (for it is a thing of custom with them,) as one of the pleasantest pieces of good-breeding I had ever witnessed. "My sister is an excellent woman," said the colonel, as he shut the door; "and I don't like her the worse for having something of the primeval about her. You don't know how much I owe her. When I was a careless young fellow, living what we called a fashionable life about town, thinking perhaps, like a puppy as I was, what sort of a coat I should wear, or what sort of stocking would best show off my leg, or perhaps practising my salute before a glass, to enchant the ladies at a review, my sister Peggy, though several years younger, was here at home, nursing the declining age of one of the best of mothers, and managing every shilling not only of mine, but of theirs, to make

up a sum for purchasing me a company. Since my mother's death, and my being settled here, her attentions have been all transferred to me; my companion in health, my nurse in sickness, with all those little domestic services which, though they are cyphers in the general account, a man like me, whose home is so much to him, feels of infinite importance; and there is a manner of doing them, a quiet, unauthoritative, unbustling way of keeping things right, which is often more important than the things themselves. Then I am indebted to her for the tolerable terms I stand in with the world. When it grates harshly on me, (and I am old, and apt perhaps to be a little cross at times,) she contrives somehow to smooth matters between us; and the apology I would not allow from itself, I can hear from her, knowing, as I do, her worth, and the affection she bears me.——I were a brute to love her less than I do."

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"There is something," continued the colonel, after a little pause, "in the circumstance of sex, that mixes a degree of tenderness with our duty to a female; something that claims our protection and our service, in a style so different from what the other demands from us;—the very same offices are performed so differently;—'tis like grasping a crab-tree, and touching a violet. Whenever I see a man treat a woman not as a woman should be treated, be it a chambermaid or a kitchen-wench, (not to say a wife or a sister, though I have seen such examples,) let him be of what fashion or rank he may, or as polite at other times as he will, I am sure his politeness is not of the right breed. He may have been taught by a dancing-master, at court, or by travel; but still his courtesy is not his own, 'tis borrowed only, and not to be relied on."

Miss Caustic, with all those domestic and household accomplishments which her brother commends, often shows that she has been skilled in more refined ones, though she has now laid them aside, like the dresses of her youth, as unsuitable to her age and situation. She can still talk of music, of poetry, of plays, and of novels; and in conversation with younger people, listens to their discourse on those topics with an interest and a feeling that is particularly pleasing to them. Her own studies, however, are of a more serious cast. Besides those books of devotion which employ her private hours, she reads history for amusement, gardening and medicine by way of business; for she is the physician of the parish, and is thought by the country-folks to be wonderfully skilful. Her brother often jokes her on the number and the wants of her patients. "I don't know, sister," said

he the other morning, "what fees you get, but your patients cost me a great deal of money. I have unfortunately but one recipe, and it is a specific for almost all their diseases."—"I only ask now and then," said she, "the key of your cellar for them, brother; the key of your purse they will find for themselves. Yet why should not we be apothecaries that way? Poverty is a disease too; and if a little of my cordials, or your money, can cheer the hearts of some who have no other malady"—"It is well bestowed, sister Peggy; and so we'll continue to practise, though we should now and then be cheated."

"'Tis one of the advantages of the country," said I, "that you get within reach of a certain rank of men often most virtuous and useful, whom in a town we have no opportunity of knowing at all."—"Why, yes," said Caustic; "but the

misfortune is, that those who could do the most for them, seldom see them as they ought. I have heard that every body carries a certain atmosphere of its own along with it, which a change of air does not immediately remove. So there is a certain town-atmosphere, which a great man brings with him into the country. He has two or three laced lacquies, and two or three attendants without wages, through whom he sees, and hears, and does every thing; and poverty, industry, and nature, get no nearer than the great gate of his court-yard."—"'Tis but too true," said his sister. "I have several pensioners, who come with heavy hearts from Lord Grubwell's door, though they were once, they say, tenants or workmen of his own, or, as some of them pretend, relations of his grandfather."—"That's the very reason," continued the Colonel; "why will they put the man in mind of his father aud grandfather? The

fellows deserve a horsepond for their impertinence."—" Nay, but in truth," replied Miss Caustic, " my Lord knows nothing of the matter. He carries so much of the town-atmosphere, as you call it, about him. He does not rise till eleven, nor breakfast till twelve. Then he has his steward with him for one hour, his architect for another, his layer out of ground for a third. After this he sometimes gallops out for a little exercise, or plays at billiards within doors; dines at a table of twenty covers; sits very late at his bottle; plays cards, except when my Lady chuses dancing, till midnight; and they seldom part till sun-rise." " And so ends," said the Colonel, " your Idyllium on my Lord Grubwell's rural occupations."

We heard the tread of a horse in the court, and presently John entered with a card in his hand; which his master no sooner threw his eyes on, than he said,

" But you need not describe, sister; our friend may see, if he inclines it. That card (I could tell the chaplain's fold at a mile's distance) is my Lord's annual invitation to dinner. Is it not, John?"—" It is my Lord Grubwell's servant, sir," said John. His master read the card: " And as he understands the Colonel has at present a friend from town with him, he requests that he would present that gentleman his Lordship's compliments, and intreat the honour of his company also."—" Here is another card, Sir, for Miss Caustic."—" Yes, yes, she always gets a counterpart."—" But I shant go," said his sister; " her Ladyship has young ladies enow to make fools of; an old woman is not worth the trouble."—" Why then, you must say so," answered her brother; " for the chaplain has a note here at the bottom, that an answer is requested. I suppose your great folks now-a-days contract with their *maitre d'hotel*

by the head; and so they save half-a-crown, when one don't set down one's name for a cover."—But, spite of the half-crown, you must go," said the Colonel to me; "you will find food for moralising; and I shall like my own dinner the better. So return an answer accordingly,' sister; and do you hear, John, give my Lord's servant a slice of cold beef and a tankard of beer in the mean time. It is possible he is fed upon contract too; and for such patients, I believe, sister Peggy, Dr Buchan's Domestic Medicine recommends cold beef and a tankard."

No 33. SATURDAY, *September* 17, 1785.

I MENTIONED in my last paper, that my friend Colonel Caustic and I had accepted an invitation to dine with his neighbour Lord Grubwell. Of that dinner I am now to take the liberty of giving some account to my readers. It is one advantage of that habit of observation, which, as a thinking Lounger, I have acquired, that from most entertainments I can carry something more than the mere dinner away. I remember an old acquaintance of mine, a jolly carbuncle-faced fellow, who used to give an account of a company by the single circumstance of the liquor they could swallow. At such a

dinner was one man of three bottles, four of two, six of a bottle and a half, and so on; and as for himself, he kept a sort of journal of what he had pouched, as he called it, at every place to which he had been invited during a whole winter. My reckoning is of another sort; I have sometimes carried off from a dinner, one, two, or three characters, swallowed half a dozen anecdotes, and tasted eight or ten insipid things, that were not worth the swallowing. I have one advantage over my old friend; I can digest what, in his phrase, I have pouched, without a headach.

When we sat down to dinner at Lord Grubwell's, I found that the table was occupied in some sort by two different parties, one of which belonged to my lord, and the other to my lady. At the upper end of my lord's sat Mr Placid, a man agreeable by profession, who has no corner in his mind, no prominence in his

feelings, and, like certain chemical liquors, has the property of coalescing with every thing. He dines with every body that gives a dinner, has seventeen cards for the seven days of the week, cuts up a fowl, tells a story, and hears a story told, with the best grace of any man in the world. Mr Placid had been brought by my lord, but seemed inclined to desert to my lady, or rather to side with both; having a smile on the right cheek for the one, and a simper on the left for the other.

Lord Grubwell being a patron of the fine arts, had at his board-end, besides the layer out of his grounds, a discarded fidler from the opera-house, who allowed that Handel could compose a tolerable chorus; a painter, who had made what he called fancy-portraits of all the family, who talked a great deal about Corregio; a gentleman on one hand of him, who seemed an adept in cookery; and a little

blear-eyed man on the other, who was a connoisseur in wine. On horse-flesh, hunting, shooting, cricket, and cock-fighting, we had occasional dissertations, from several young gentlemen at both sides of his end of the table, who, though not directly of his establishment, seemed, from what occurred in conversation, to be pretty constantly in waiting.

Of my lady's division, the most conspicuous person was a gentleman who sat next her, Sir John ——, who seemed to enjoy the office of her *Cicisbeo* or *Cavaliere servente*, as nearly as the custom of this country allows. There was, however, one little difference between him and the Italian Cavaliere, that he did not seem so solicitous to serve as to admire the lady, the little attentions being rather directed from her to him. Even his admiration was rather understood than expressed. The gentleman, indeed, to borrow a phrase from the grammarians, ap-

peared to be altogether of the passive mood, and to consider every exertion as vulgar and unbecoming. He spoke mincingly, looked something more delicate than man; had the finest teeth, the whitest hand, and sent a perfume around him at every motion. He had travelled, quoted Italy very often, and called this a tramontane country, in which, if it were not for one or two fine women, there would be no possibility of existing.

Besides this male attendant, Lady Grubwell had several female intimates, who seemed to have profited extremely by her patronage and instructions; who had learned to talk on all town subjects with such ease and confidence, that one could never have supposed they had been bred in the country; and had, as Colonel Caustic informed me, only lost their bashfulness about three weeks before. One or two of them, I could see, were in a professed and particular manner imitators of

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my lady, used all her phrases, aped all her gestures, and had their dress made so exactly after her pattern, that the colonel told me a blunt country gentleman, who dined there one rainy day, and afterwards passed the night at his house, thought they had got wet to the skin in their way, and had been refitted from her ladyship's wardrobe. "But he was mistaken," said the colonel; "they only borrowed a little of her complexion."

The painter had made a picture, of which he was very proud, of my lady attended by a group of those young friends, in the character of Diana, surrounded by her nymphs, surprised by Acteon. My lady, when she was showing it to me, made me take notice how very like my Lord, Acteon was. Sir John, who leaned over her shoulder, put on as broad a smile as his good-breeding would allow, and said it was one of the most monstrous clever things he had ever heard her ladyship say.

Of my lord's party there were some young men, brothers and cousins of my lady's nymphs, who showed the same laudable desire of imitating him, as their kinswomen did of copying her. But each end of the table made now and then interchanges with the other: some of the most promising of my lord's followers were favoured with the countenance and regard of her ladyship; while, on the other hand, some of her nymphs drew the particular attention of Acteon, and seemed, like those in the picture, willing to hide his Diana from him. Amidst those different, combined, or mingled parties, I could not help admiring the dexterity of Placid, who contrived to divide himself among them with wonderful address. To the landscape-gardener he talked of clumps and swells; he spoke of harmony to the musician, of colouring to the painter, of hats and feathers to the young ladies, and even conciliated the elevated and unbend-

my [illegible], by appeals to him about the quay at Marseilles, the Corso at Rome, and the gallery of Florence. He was once only a little unfortunate in a reference to Colonel Caustic, which he meant as a compliment to my lady, "how much more elegant the dress of the ladies was now a days than formerly, when they remembered it?" Placid is but very little tuned of fifty.

Caustic and I were nearly "mutes and sufferers to this act." The colonel, indeed, now and then threw in a word or two of that *dolce piccante*, that sweet and sharp sort in which his politeness contrives to convey his satire. I thought I could discover, that the company stood somewhat in awe of him; and even my lady endeavoured to gain his good-will by a very marked attention. She begged leave to drink his sister's health in a particular manner after dinner, and regretted exceedingly not being favoured with her

company. "She hardly ever stirs abroad, my lady," answered the colonel; "besides, (looking slyly at some of her ladyship's female friends,) she is not young, nor, I am afraid, bashful enough for one of Diana's virgins."

When we returned home in the evening, Caustic began to moralise on the scene of the day. "We were talking," said he to me, "the other morning, when you took up a volume of Cook's Voyages, of the advantages and disadvantages arising to newly-discovered countries from our communication with them; of the wants we shew them along with the conveniencies of life, the diseases we communicate along with the arts we teach. I can trace a striking analogy between this and the visit of Lord and Lady Grubwell to the savages here, as I am told they often call us. Instead of the plain wholesome fare, the sober manners, the filial, the parental, the family virtues,

[illegible] possessed, [illegible] will inculcate extravagance, [illegible], and neglect of every [illegible] duty; and then in point of breeding and behaviour, we shall have petulance and malignation, instead of bashful civility, because it is the fashion with fine folks to be easy; and rusticity shall be set off with impudence, like a grogram waistcoat with tinsel binding, that only makes its coarseness more disgusting."

"But you must set them right, my good Sir," I replied, "in these particulars. You must tell your neighbours, who may be apt, from some spurious examples, to suppose, that every thing contrary to the natural ideas of politeness is polite, that in such an opinion they are perfectly mistaken. Such a caricature is indeed, as in all other imitations, the easiest to be imitated; but it is not the real portraiture and likeness of a high-bred man or woman. As good dancing is like a more

dignified sort of walk, and as the best dress hangs the easiest on the shape; so the highest good breeding, and the most highly polished fashion, is the nearest to nature, but to nature in its best state, to that *belle nature* which works of taste (and a person of fashion is a work of taste) in every department require. It is the same in morals as in demeanour; a real man of fashion has a certain *retenue*, a degree of moderation in every thing, and will not be more wicked or dissipated than there is occasion for; you must therefore signify to that young man who sat near me at Lord Grubwell's, who swore immoderately, was rude to the chaplain, and told us some things of himself for which he ought to have been hanged, that he will not have the honour of going to the devil in the very best company."

"Were I to turn preacher," answered the colonel, "I would not read your ho-

mily. It might be as you say in former times; but in my late excursion to your city, I cannot say I could discover, even in the first company, the high polish you talk of. There was nature, indeed, such as one may suppose her in places which I have long since forgotten; but as for her beauty or grace, I could perceive but little of it. The world has been often called a theatre; now the theatre of your fashionable world seems to me to have lost the best part of its audience; it is all either the yawn of the side-boxes, or the roar of the upper gallery. There is no *pit*, (as I remember the pit;) none of that mixture of good-breeding, discernment, taste, and feeling, which constitutes an audience, such as a first-rate performer would wish to act his part to. For the simile of the theatre will still hold in this further particular, that a man, to be perfectly well-bred, must have a certain respect and value for his audience, otherwise his ex-

ertions will generally be either coarse or feeble; though indeed a perfectly well-bred man will feel that respect even for himself; and were he in a room alone," said Caustic (taking an involuntary step or two, till he got opposite to a mirror that hangs at the upper end of his parlour,) "would blush to find himself in a mean or ungraceful attitude, or to indulge a thought gross, illiberal, or ungentlemanlike."—"You smile," said Miss Caustic to me; "but I have often told my brother, that he is a very Oroondates on that score; and your Edinburgh people may be very well-bred, without coming up to his standard."—"Nay but," said I, "were I even to give Edinburgh up, it would not affect my position. Edinburgh is but a copy of a larger metropolis; and in every copy, the defect I mentioned is apt to take place; and of all qualities I know, this of fashion and good-breeding is the

most delicate, the most evanescent, if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase. It is like the flavour of certain liquors, which it is hardly possible to preserve in the vessels of them."—"Oh! now I understand you," said Caustic, smiling in his turn; "like Harrowgate-water, for example, which I am told has spirit at the spring; but when brought hither, I find it, under favour, to have nothing but salt and ill taste remaining."

No. 34. SATURDAY, *September* 24, 1785.

THAT we often make the misery, as well as "the happiness we do not find," is a truth which moralis s have frequently remarked, and which can hardly be too often repeated. It is one of those specific maxims which apply to every character, and to every situati , and which therefore, in different mo expression, almost every wise ma s endeavoured to enforce and illustrate. Without going so far as the Stoics wc ld have us, we may venture to assert, th t there is scarce any state of calamity in which a firm and a virtuous mind will not create to itself consolation and relief; nor any absolute degree of prosperity and success in which

a naturally discontented spirit will not find cause of disappointment and disgust.

But in such extremes of situation it is the lot of few to be placed. Of the bulk of mankind, the life is passed amidst scenes of no very eventful sort,—amidst ordinary engagements and ordinary cares. But of these, perhaps, still more than of the others, the good or evil is in a great measure regulated by the temper and disposition of him to whom they fall out; like metals in coin, it is not alone their intrinsic nature, but also that impression which they receive from us, that creates their value. It must be material, therefore, in the art of happiness, to possess the power of stamping satisfaction on the enjoyments which Providence has put into our hands.

I have been led into these reflections from meeting lately with two old acquaintances, from whom I had, by various accidents, been a long while sepa-

rated, but whose dispositions our early intimacy had perfectly unfolded to me, and the circumstances of whose lives I have since had occasion to learn.

When at school, Clitander was the pride of his parents, and the boast of our master. There was no acquirement to which his genius was not equal; and though he was sometimes deficient in application, yet whenever he chose he outshone every competitor.

Eudocius was a lad of very inferior talents. He was frequently the object of Clitander's ridicule, but he bore it with an indifference that very soon disarmed his adversary; and his constant obligingness and good-humour made all his classfellows his friends.

Clitander was born the heir of a very large estate, which coming to the possession of at an early age, he set out on his travels, and continued abroad for a considerable number of years. In the

accomplishments of the man, he was equally successful as he had been in the attainments of the boy, and attracted particular notice in the different places of his residence on the continent, as a young man from whom the highest expectations might reasonably be formed. But it was remarked by some intelligent observers, that he rather acquired than relished those accomplishments, and learned to judge more than to admire whatever was beautiful in nature, or excellent in art. At times he seemed, like other youthful possessors of ample fortunes, disposed to enjoy the means of pleasure which his situation enabled him to command. At other times, he talked with indifference or contempt both of those pleasures themselves, and of the companions with whom they had been shared. He remained longer abroad than is customary, as his friends said, to make himself master of whatever might be useful to his country, or orna-

mental to himself; but in fact he remained where he was, as I have heard himself confess, from an indifference about whither he should go; because, as he frankly said, he thought he should find the same fools at Rome Paris, at Naples as at Rome. In goi t Hungary, he visited the quicl · i where the miserable workmen, pent up for life, hear of the light of the sun, as of the beauties of another world. One of those, as Clitander and his party came up to him, was leaning on his mattock, under one of the dismal lamps that unfold the horrors of the place, eating the morsel of brown bread that is allowed them. What wretched fare! said one of the company. But he seems to enjoy it! replied Clitander.

When he returned to England, he was surrounded by the young and the gay, who allured him to pleasure; and by more respectable characters, who invited him

to business and ambition. With both societies he often mixed, but could scarcely be said to associate: to both he lent himself, as it were, for the time; but became the property of neither, and seemed equally dissatisfied with both.

When I saw him lately, he was at his paternal seat, one of the finest places in one of the finest parts of the country. To my admiration of its improvements he assented with the coolness of a spectator who had often looked on them; yet I found that he had planned most of them himself. In the neighbourhood I found him respected, but not popular; and even when I was told stories of his beneficence, of which there were many, they were told as deeds in which he was to be imitated rather than beloved. His hospitality was uncommonly extensive; but his neighbours partook of it rather as a duty than a pleasure. And though at table he said more witty and more lively

to treat them indulgently; and when the steward sometimes told him he had been imposed on, he said he would not trust the man again; but repeated a favourite phrase of his, which he had learnt from somebody, but adopted from pure good nature, "that he might be cheated of his money, but should not of his temper." In this, as in every thing else, it was not easy to vex him; while, on the other hand, he was made happy at very little expence; he laughed at dull jokes, was pleased with bad pictures, praised dull books, and patronised very inferior artists; not always from an absolute ignorance in these things (though his taste, it must be owned, was none of the most acute,) but because it was his way to be pleased, and that he liked to see people pleased around him.

It was not so with Clitander. Wanting that enthusiasm, that happy deception, which leads warmer, and indeed in-

ferior minds, through life, he examined with too critical, perhaps too just an eye, its pleasures, its ambition, its love, its friendship, and found them empty and unsatisfying. Endocius was the happy spectator of an indifferently played comedy; but Clitander had got behind the scenes, and saw the actors with all their wants and imperfections. Clitander, however, never shows the sourness or the melancholy of a misanthrope. He is not interested enough in mankind to be angry, nor is the world worth his being sad for. Thus he not only wants the actual pleasures of life, but even that sort of enjoyment which results from its sorrows.

Miserum te judico, quod nunquam fueris miser.

SEN.

The only satisfaction he seems to feel, is that sort of detection which his ability enables him to make of the emptiness of the world's pleasures, the hypocrisy of its

affected virtues, the false estimation of its knowledge, the ridiculousness of its pretended importance. Hence he is often a man of humour and of wit, and plays with both, with the appearance of gaiety and mirth. But this gaiety is not happiness. Such a detection may clothe one's face in smiles, but it cannot make glad the heart. In the gaiety of Clitander, however excited, there is little enjoyment. Clitander undervalues his audience, and never delivers himself up to them with that happy cheerfulness with which Eudocius tells his old stories, and every one laughs without knowing why.

In the apathy of a dull man, nobody is interested, and we consign him to its influence without reflection, and without regret. But when one considers how much is lost to the world by the indifference of Clitander, one cannot help lamenting that unfortunate perversion of

talents, by which they are not only deprived of their value, but made instruments of ill fortune; which, if I may be allowed the expression, disappoints the bounty of Heaven, both to its possessor himself, and to those around him, whom it ought to have enriched.

No. 36. SATURDAY, *October* 8, 1785.

Divitias operosiores. HOR.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

IT is but very lately that I became acquainted with your paper, our family only having taken it in last week for the first time, when it was recommended to my brother by Lady Betty Lampoon, who happened to be on a visit in our country. Her Ladyship said, it was a dear sweet satirical paper, and that one found all one's acquaintance in it. And sure enough I found some of my acquaintance in it, (for I am the only reader among us,) and so I shall tell Mr

John Homespun when I meet him. Only think of a man come to his years to go to put himself and his neighbours into print in the manner he has done. But I dare to say it is all out of spite and envy at our having grown so suddenly rich, by my brother's good fortune in India: and to be sure, Sir, things are changed with us from what I remember; and yet, perhaps, we are not so much to be envied neither, if all were known. Do tell me, Sir, how we shall manage to be as happy as people suppose our good fortune must have made us.

But perhaps, Sir, it is not the fashion as my sister-in-law and Mons. de Sabot say to be happy. Lord, Sir, I had forgot you don't know Mons. de Sabot! Not really my head is not so clear as it used to be. I will try to tell you things as they occur. My brother, who, as Mr [illegible] has informed you, is returned home with a great fortune, is determined

to live as becomes it, and sent down a ship-load of blacks in laced liveries, the servants in this country not being handy about fine things; though, to tell you the truth, some of the Blackamoors don't give themselves much trouble about their work, and two of them never do a turn except playing on the French horn, and sometimes making punch, when it is wanted particularly nice.

Besides these, there came down in two chaises my brother's own valet de sham, my sister's own maid, a man cook, who has two of the negers under him, and Mons. de Sabot, whom my brother wrote to me he had hired for a butler; but, when he came, he told us he was *maitre dotell*, and had been so to the Earl of C——, the Duke of N——, and two German princes. So, to be sure, we were almost afraid to speak to him, till we found he was as affable and obliging as could be, and told us every thing we ought to do

[illegible] fashionable, and like the great folks at London and Paris. Mons. de Sabot is acquainted with every one of them.

But then, Sir, it is so troublesome an affair to be fashionable! and so my father and mother, and the rest of us, who have never been abroad, find. We used to be as cheerful a family as any in the country: and at our dinners and suppers, if we had not fine things, we had pure good appetites, and, after the table was uncovered, used to be as merry as grigs at our pastimes, questions and commands, or what's my thought like? But now we must not talk aloud, nor laugh, nor walk fast, nor play at romping games; and we must sit quiet during a long dinner of two courses and a dessert, and drink wine and water, and never touch our meat but with our knife, and pick our teeth after dinner, and dabble in cold water, and Lord knows how many other things: which Mons. de Sabot says every body *comi fo* does. And

such a thing he tells me (for I am a sort of favourite and scholar of his) is *comi fo* in the first course, and such a thing in the second; and this in the entries, and that in the removes. *Comi fo*, it seems, means vastly fine in his language, though we country folks, if we durst own it, find the *comi fo* things often very ill tasted, and now and then a little stinking. But we shall learn to like them monstrously by-and-by, as Mons. de Sabot assures us.

My father is hardest of us all to be taught to do what he ought; and he cursed *comi fo* once or twice to Mons. de Sabot's face. But my brother and my sister-in-law are doing all that they can to wean him from his old customs, that he mayn't affront himself before company. He fought hard for his pipe and his spit-box; but my sister-in-law would not suffer the new window-curtains and chair-covers to be put up till he had given over both. And, what do you think, Sir? the

old gentleman was caught yesterday by my brother and a young baronet of his acquaintance, who went into the stable to look at one of my brother's stud, as they call it, smoking his pipe in one of the empty stalls. And I heard Sir Harry Driver give an account of it to my sister-in-law when they came in to supper, and how, as he said, "he had tallyho'd old Squarrance, as he slunk from his kennel."

My brother, you must know, has a mind to be a parliament-man, and so he invites all the country, high and low, to eat and drink with him; and sometimes I have been sadly out of countenance, and so have we all, when some of his old acquaintance have told long stories of things which happened to them formerly, though not to one my brother does not remember a syllable of them. As t'other day, when the schoolmaster's son Samuel was in mind of their going together

to Edinburgh for the first time, and how they had but one pair of silk stockings between them, and my brother had them on in the morning to see a gentleman who was first cousin to an East-India Director, and Sam got them in the evening to visit the principal of the college; and all this before Sir Harry Driver, Lord Squanderfield, and Lady Betty Lampoon.

Then my brother is turned an improver, which every body says is an excellent way of laying out his money, and is so public-spirited!—and the planner, who has come to give directions about it, tells us, that in a few years hence he will get five pounds for every five shillings he lays out now in that way. In the mean time, however, it gives him a sad deal of trouble; when every thing is resolved upon to-day, it is a chance but it is all turned topsy-turvy to-morrow; for his voters, as they call the gentlemen on my brother's side of the question, who come to visit us,

have every one their own opinion, and are always giving him advice how to do things for the best. One told him lately he should cover such a piece of ground, which is in sight of the bow-window in the drawing-room; another, a few mornings after, blamed this first adviser for want of taste, and said he would give five hundred guineas for such a knoll in the very spot where they had levelled it; and so they are building rocks there, and planting them as fast as they can. He pulled down a piece of an old church, that stood in the way of what they call the approach to the house; and presently a gentleman from England told him a ruin was the very thing wanted in that place,—and so the old church must be built up a-new. Lord Squanderfield advised him to make a piece of water in the garden; and they had almost finished it, when Lady Betty convinced him that in summer it would be a puddle, as she termed it, that would

stink him out of his , and fly-blow every bit of meat : l

Lady Betty has r useful to my sister-in-law too al t choice of the furniture, though that likewise has been a troublesome job, owing to bad advice in the beginning. We had got sofas and stuffed chairs in th ng-room, which my lady has made her change for cabrioles; and the damask beds she has persuaded her are not in the least fit for a country-house; and so they are all taken down, and chintzes put up in their place.

In the same ship with the blacks, my brother brought down a great collection of pictures, which were purchased for him at a sale in London, and are worth, I am told, Lord knows how much, though he got them, as he assures us, for an old song; and yet several of them, I have heard, cost some hundreds of pounds. But this, between ourselves, is the most plaguy of

all his fancies. Would you believe it, Sir, he is obliged to be two or three hours every morning in the gallery, with a little book in his hand, like a poor schoolboy, getting by heart the names and the stories of all the men and women that are painted there, that he may have his lesson pat for the company that are to walk and admire the paintings till dinner is served up: And yet, after all, he is sometimes mistaken about them; as last Thursday he said a gentleman that was looking at the pictures, that the half-naked woman above the chimney-piece was done for my Caroline Marrot (I suppose from the picture, some Miss no better than she should be;) whereas the gentleman, Mr Gusto, declared it was as like Widow Benny as one egg is like another.

I could tell you a great deal more of mortifications and vexations in the enjoyment of our good fortune; but I am

sure I must have wearied you by my scribble-scrabble account of what I have told. It will be sufficient to show you, that Mr Homespun has not so much cause for envy, as, from his letter, I presume he feels against us; and will, I hope, also procure a little of your good counsel how to make a *comi fo* life somewhat more comfortable to the greatest part of our family, and in particular to your humble servant,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

[redacted]

most. So it happened in this law treatise; where, on the chapter of marriage, which chanced to turn up to me, I found the nice distinctions and subtleties of legal investigation so illuminated with a variety of interesting cases, that I shall certainly recommend the book, and particularly the above-mentioned chapter of it, to all my young friends, who are engaged in the study of that dry and intricate science. I am persuaded their imaginations will not be less exercised than their judgments, in following the learned author through the numerous pointed illustrations which he gives of the doctrines there laid down. Of those doctrines the abstract seems to be, that though certain smaller deceptions are not sufficient for setting aside a matrimonial engagement; yet a very high degree of deceit made use of by one of the parties to influence and inveigle the other, will render the mar-

riage void and null *ab initio*, as if no such contract had ever been made.

I was deeply engaged in those speculations, when my friend cut them short by entering the room; and, as his time is precious, we had no leisure to follow them together; though I had much inclination to have asked his assistance in clearing up some legal doubts, which the author's reasoning had created in my mind. When I got home at night, the subject recurred to my memory; but, beside a warm fire in a cold evening, even the thoughts of marriage will not keep a man awake. I insensibly fell asleep in my chair, when a dream took up (as is generally the case,) the thread of my waking thoughts, and pursued it in the following whimsical manner.

Methought I was carried into a great hall, which, in its gloom, its antique ornaments, and its dustiness, resembled

some of our courts of justice; at the further end of which was seated, in the dress, and with the *insignia* of a judge, the learned and worthy author of the treatise above mentioned. By one of the attendants of the court I was informed, that his office was a sort of chancellorship of matrimony, with the power of confirming or annulling all marriages, as in equity and good conscience should seem to him proper; that this was one of the days appointed for hearings; and that the parties, complainants and respondents, were waiting without, ready to be called in to state their complaints and defences. I, who am a bachelor (which I believe I formerly hinted to my readers,) felicitated myself on this happy opportunity of instruction and entertainment, and sat down on one of the benches, to hear with attention the different causes that should be argued.

The first person who came to the bar was a man of rather an ungracious appearance, and a countenance not at all expressive of good humour. He exhibited his complaint, and prayed for a dissolution of his marriage on the head of deception in his wife's temper; who, as he informed the judge, had made herself appear before marriage one of the sweetest and most engaging young women in the world; that during her virgin state she had never been seen, at least by the complainant, with a single frown on her brow, and was the very life and soul of every company she was in; but that she had not been married a week, when he discovered, that she was (saving the court's presence) a very devil incarnate; that scarce a day passed in which she did not abuse himself, ill-treat his friends, and whip all the children round; and that he was obliged to change his servants every

half-year, except one old cross devil of a cook-maid, whom she kept to vex and plague him. The lady being called upon for her defence, denied any deception by which the marriage had been brought about, or could now be annulled; for that all her acquaintance could testify how good-natured she was, when she was not contradicted; and that before marriage her husband had never contradicted her. She likewise pleaded recrimination in bar of his complaint; and offered to prove, that he himself was one of the most cross-tempered men in the world. The judge dismissed the complaint; but recommended to the parties, since they seemed equally dissatisfied, to separate by mutual consent. The husband seemed inclined to adopt this proposition; but the lady rejected it; and, flinging out of court with a toss-up of one side of her hoop, said, she had

[illegible] to indulge him in that. The [illegible] growled something, which I [illegible] not [illegible], and followed her.

The second complainant was dressed in a very shabby coat, and had a very innocent length of beard on his face. He prayed a dissolution of his marriage, from a gross deception in point of his wife's person and appearance. He was, he said, chiefly induced to the match, from the beauty of her face, and the elegance of her figure, which first had made her his toast, then his mistress, and lastly his wife. That for some little time after his marriage, this deception was perfectly kept up. That in a few months, however, he began to be sensible of it; and, after her becoming pregnant of her first child, it was apparent to every body: That, subsequent to that period, his wife totally neglected all attention to her shape and complexion; and had ever since been so perfect a slattern, as to have

forfeited all pretensions to those qualities, on the faith of which he had married her. The lady made no appearance, which some one in court suggested was owing to its being so early an hour, as she seldom rose till twelve, and never was dressed till three. Indeed, upon some question of the judge, it came out, that the husband had never seen her before marriage at an earlier hour, and seldom even then but at great dinners, private balls, and public assemblies. His lordship delayed the further consideration of the cause till another day, recommending to the gentleman, when he appeared there again, to shew the respect due to the court, by having his beard shaved, and putting on a clean shirt.

The third prosecutor was an elderly gentleman with a wrinkled face, and a body seemingly very infirm, who came forward to the bar by the help of a staff, or rather crutch. He represented to

the count that he had married a few years before, after having lived a bachelor till he was turned of sixty, a young innocent girl, as he imagined, who had been bred up, at her father's house in the country, in perfect ignorance of the town, its expences and amusements, who knew only how to knit, work fringes, and border an apron; to assist at making of a pudding, and constructing a gooseberry-pie; whose greatest expence was a silk gown once in two years, with a calico of her own making for morning wear; and whose highest pleasure consisted in dancing at a country wedding, or a Christmas gambol. But that, not long after she was married, she contrived to have him bring her to town, where she spent as much money in one month as it had cost her father to keep her all her life before; and actually wore, at this moment, a cap and feathers, the price of which would have clothed her for a whole year in the country: That she

was scarcely ever at home, except when she had asked a dozen fine people to dinner or supper, and was seldom in bed till three in the morning: That she would not suffer any of his former companions to approach her, but kept company only with dissipated young people of the other sex, or extravagant and giddy women of her own. And therefore, from all those circumstances, shewing the highest degree of deception under which he had been inveigled to marry, he prayed a dissolution of the matrimonial engagement, dropping some hints, at the same time, that the young lady might do very well for a younger and a gayer husband, and that he would come down handsomely, to make her worth another man's taking. To this complaint it was answered, on the part of the lady, that there was no sort of deception in the case; that she had all along declared she did not care a farthing for her intended husband, but, on the con-

trary, hated and abhorred him: That he had bribed her parents, who had partly frightened and partly cajoled her into the match, by the offer of large settlements, and the flattering prospect of being the wife of a very rich man; so that, in the very nature of the contract, she gave up her person to her said husband in exchange for the enjoyment of such pleasures as his fortune could enable her to command for the present, and the hopes of what a large jointure might procure for the future: That, therefore, all the finery, amusements, and expence, which he complained of, were only parts of the first clause of the agreement; and that whatever vexation or uneasiness her conduct might create to him, were but justifiable means of fulfilling the accomplishment of the second. The chancellor delivered his opinion in favour of the respondent; but proposed, in compassion to the husband (which, however, the wor-

thy judge declared his conduct had little merited); that they should compromise matters, by the lady's renouncing her right to the man, on being immediately vested in her jointure. The lady was deliberating on this proposal, when her lord declared himself in the negative; and clearing his voice with a hem, hobbled out of court in a step somewhat firmer than that in which he entered, saying, nobody could tell which of them might have the benefit of survivorship.

The next case was pretty similar to the foregoing, except that the plaintiff was the wife, and the defendant her husband; an old lady of three-score *versus* a young stout fellow of five-and-twenty. She alleged, that when a virgin she had been made to believe he loved her to desperation; but had discovered, the very day of the wedding, that he was only enamoured of twenty thousand pounds she happened to possess in the Long Annui-

ties. The husband denied the charge of deceiving her; for that she knew, from the beginning of their acquaintance, that he wished to marry the Long Annuities, which he said, smiling, he would endeavour to make shorter. The lady on this lost temper. "Do you dare to say so, Sir?" she exclaimed: "you, whom I saved from a jail; you, who, before I took compassion on you, had not a coat to your back, nor a dinner to your belly? Do you dare to look in my face, and say you did not deceive me?"—"Madam," replied the spark, with an easy impudent air, "do you venture to show that face, and to say so?" On this she broke out into such a violent passion, and was so vehement in her outcries, that the noise awaked me.—"'Twas but a dream," said I, starting from my chair;—"and yet—'tis as well I am a bachelor."

No. 40. SATURDAY, *November 5*, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

IN the works of your predecessors, as well as in every other book of didactic wisdom, much stress is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From Cicero downwards, (and indeed much more anciently than Cicero,) the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the surest road to respect, to advancement, and to happiness.

There was a time, Mr Lounger, when this was my own opinion; and seconded

by the wishes of my parents, I early applied myself to every branch of learning which their circumstances, rather narrow ones, could set within my reach. As I was intended for the church, I received an academical education suited to that profession; and acquired besides a considerable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of science not absolutely requisite to the situation of a clergyman. For the acquisition of these, I was indebted to the generous assistance of a gentleman whose godson I happened to be. He used to say, that a clergyman in this country should know something more than divinity; that he must be the physician, the geographer, and the naturalist of his parish: and accordingly, to the scanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with those studies.

By the favour of the same gentleman, I lately procured a recommendation to a friend of his, a Baronet in my native country, who has in his gift the presentation to a considerable living, of which the present incumbent is in such a valetudinary state, as makes his surviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favourable answer was received, expressive of the great regard which the Baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patronised me, and accompanied with what we thought, a very fortunate piece of condescension and politeness, an invitation for me to spend a week or two at the Baronet's country-seat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not say how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's house, and considered it as the return which they had always ho-

ped for all their trouble and expence about my education. My own pride was not silent on the subject. I looked on this visit as an opportunity afforded me of displaying the talents with which I flattered myself I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at such pains to attain.

When I arrived at the Baronet's, I found him and his lady a good deal disappointed with my appearance and address, which I now first perceived to want something which was essential to good company. I felt an awkwardness, which my want of mixing with the world had occasioned, and an embarrassment which all my knowledge did not enable me to overcome. For these, however, Sir John and lady F—— felt rather compassion than displeasure, and delivered me over to the valet de chambre, to make me somewhat smarter, as they called it, by having my hair more modishly dressed, and the cut of my coat altered; an improvement which

I rather felt as an indignity, than acknowledged as a favour. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was suffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for the deficiency of my exterior, by displaying the powers of my mind and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had been altogether misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned languages, of classical authors, of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand; but it was found, that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch, or make up one in a country dance. A young lady, a visitor of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the Lady's Magazine, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural his-

tory. Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for; but some of them reminded the Baronet, in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil, (these were the gentleman's words,) and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may, however, be deemed innocent; but I find, from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not be so easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when the company chooses to be frolicsome; he must wink at certain indecencies in language, and irregularities in behaviour; and once, when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me, that a

clergyman, to be an honest fellow, must have nothing of religion about him.

In the seclusion of a college, I may perhaps have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world; but as, on the score of qualifications, I am incapable of what is desired, and, in the article of indulgences, will never submit to what is expected, is it not my duty, Mr Lounger, to resign my pretensions to the living which was promised me? though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the prospect of having me so soon provided for had made happy; though I fear to offend my benefactor, who recommended me to Sir John, and at the same time assured me that he was one of the best sort of men he knew; yet surely to

prepossession in his favour; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery, in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him, a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above the cares but not the charities of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gaiety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life a language of kindness and indulgence.

"It is the religion of a gentleman," said Colonel Caustic.—"It is the religion of a philosopher," said I.—"It is something more useful than either," said his sister. "Did you know his labours, as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial; that to fill our station well is in every station to be happy."

"The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say," continued the excellent sister of my friend, "to whom

refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion: we are not to wonder if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetener of life; to dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people; they have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth its close!"

"It is the religion of a Christian!" said Miss Carstic.

No. 41. SATURDAY, *November* 12, 1785.

Pandere res alta nocte et caligine mersas. VIRG.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH the present age is undoubtedly possessed of a great deal of knowledge and science, of which former periods could not boast, yet it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that we are apt to plume ourselves upon our acquirements fully as much as we are entitled to. We pretend a superiority over ancient times, not only on account of the discoveries we have made, but of the prejudices we have overcome, and smile with a contemptuous self-importance on the easy faith of our ancestors.

Of this latter sort is the credit which almost every modern takes for a total disbelief of spirits, apparitions, and witches. Not a school-boy now-a-days who does not laugh at the existence of witchcraft and sorcery; and, if he has ever heard of the statute-book, he silences every argument, by the quotation of the act of parliament, which repealed the ancient laws by which those crimes were punishable, and thus expressed the sense of the legislature that no such crimes existed.

Yet it is certain, that many of the wisest and best informed among our forefathers had a firm belief in the existence of witchcraft and sorcery, and one of the most learned of our monarchs actually wrote a treatise on the subject. To this some of the less assuming of our modern sceptics answer, that though, at the time of passing the old laws now repealed, and of writing that royal and learned treatise above mentioned, such a diabolical art

and mystery might really and truly prevail; yet now, in the eighteenth century, it is no longer practised, and that witchcraft, conjuration, and sorcery, are entirely abolished and unknown.

I, for my part, have more reverence for the penetration of our forefathers, than to suppose they could have been deceived as to what happened in their own time; and farther, I am not ashamed to confess my belief, that even yet there exists such an art as that of witchcraft; nor do I despair of bringing over my readers to this opinion, if they will listen with candour to the proofs I propose in this paper to bring in support of it.

I conceive the fairest way of doing this to be, to cite, from the best authority among the old writers, the appearances they particularly remarked, and the facts they specifically set forth, of the practice of this unchristian and diabolical art in their time; and then to appeal to the ex-

perience and observation of every unprejudiced person, whether such appearances and facts are not at this day frequently and commonly seen and known. If this be allowed, it may, I think, fairly be presumed, that the same causes produce the same effects, that these extraordinary phenomena are now, as formerly, the effect of unnatural means, to wit, of witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration.

The treatise of King James, I should certainly choose as the highest authority on this subject, were it not, from its dialogistic form, rather diffuse, and not easily compressible into the short limits of your paper. I shall therefore extract, from another writer, a contemporary of that wise and learned monarch, a more brief account of the different sorts of witchcraft, which, however, is chiefly taken from, and, in most particulars entirely agrees with, the dialogues of the king on that subject.

"I think it good," says that writer, "in this place to set down the divers sorts and classes of those unlawful and accursed dealers in witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and sorcery, on whom the late wise and wholesome law *(anno secundo, vulgò primo, Jacob. cap.* 12.*)* doth specially attach.

"1. There are who, moulding images of persons on whom they mean to practise, and making up the same to something of human similitude, with wax, paint, hair, and other materials, do stick into the same, scissars, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and at the last laying the same before a strong fire, as the wax of the image melteth away, so doth the flesh of the poor wight whom it representeth, (which was at first tortured and torn as with the wounding of such sharp instruments as aforesaid,) burn and consume with strange pains and pinings.

" 2. Others there be, exceeding rife in Lapland, Finland, and other wild parts of the world, who at their nightly meetings, by incantations and uncouth form of words, calling the arch fiend to their aid, and being sometimes armed with charms and amulets of strange shape and divers colours, these withered and devilish hags do raise storms, tempests, and angry appearances of the sky, to the wreck of many goodly ships, and rich merchandise.

" 3. A third kind is of those who being more stirred with the greed of lucre, than pricked on (as the two last mentioned sorts) with anger and revenge, do, by compact with the devil, procure to themselves much wealth in gold, silver, and precious stones, which they find in chests, caskets, and other places, into which no man could put the same by any natural means. But herein oft-times is manifest the notable deceit of the great father of lies, that the said gold and other precious

things shall, in a short space, be turned again into stones, dross, or other unvalued substances, whereof Satan (as may be conjectured) did first by his power and art make and fashion.

"4. There is likewise to be noted a power which such wizards and sorcerers do possess, of transporting themselves invisibly, so that no man knoweth whence they came, nor whither they go, and of entering houses, though the same be barred against them in all manner of usual passage and access, disquieting and affraying the inhabitants thereof; though generally (as our royal master well observeth in his most learned Dialogue on Demonologie, book iii. chap. 1.,) when those wizards or spirits (for their kind and species seemeth not well determined) haunt certain houses that are dwelt in, it is a sure token of gross ignorance, or of some gross and slanderous sins amongst the inhabitants thereof."

Now, to bring examples of the various kinds of witchcraft, similar to the above, which still continue to be practised in modern times. Is not Miss ———, to whose health I have drank so many bumpers, plainly a witch of the first class? Does she not make up an image like a human one, with wax (otherwise pomatum) and paint, (as is sometimes alleged,) hair, and other materials, stick into the same scissars, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and which causeth those on whom she intends to practise to burn and consume with strange pains and pinings? I must farther observe here, that my author, on this part of his subject, differs from his royal master on the question. "Whether it is lawful, by the help of another witch, to cure the disease that is casten on by the craft of the first?" which question the king had answered in the negative; but this later writer argues for the lawfulness of that mode of cure.

Our modern bewitched accordingly seem almost universally to agree in the latter opinion.

The nightly meetings of the older species of witch, mentioned by the above author in the second place, have surely come within the knowledge of most of my readers. In the inner room of some very great ladies' houses, on what is called (by a phrase probably borrowed from this very act of witchcraft) a rout-night, are not certain magical sounds and incantations used? Is not the arch fiend frequently called on by name? Are there not, on a table, sometimes in a little caldron, amulets to be seen of strange shapes and divers colours? Are there not storms raised, and angry appearances? Undoubtedly all those circumstances are known to exist. That, however, no innocent person may suffer from my accusation, and that the lord of any such great lady may not, like the good Duke of Gloucester of

old, suffer for the witchcraft of his wife, I must in justice add, that the husbands of these ladies are in general no conjurers.

Of the third kind of those unlawful dealers with the devil, there is no want of examples among us. Do we not see men every day, who, by compact with the devil, (for we know not of any natural means by which they could accomplish it,) procure to themselves much wealth, gold, silver, and precious stones? Is not Mr ——, who was a few years ago worth nothing, but who now keeps his chariot, entertains people of the first fashion, gives the most sumptuous entertainments, and drinks the highest priced wines; in short, vies in expence with men of the greatest fortunes, evidently a conjurer of this class? As to the transmutation of this gold and other precious materials into their former state of dross, and other things of no va-

lue, I leave that point of similitude to the evidence of those gentlemen's creditors.

As to the species described in the fourth section of the learned author above quoted, I see in most houses of fashionable resort wizards of a description resembling those who possess the power of invisible transportation mentioned by this writer; men whose descent nobody knows, of whom no one can tell whence they came, and who themselves confess their ignorance whither they shall go, who talk of intimacies with people of most distinguished rank, both at home and abroad, and give hints of having been in the most private recesses of palaces and hotels, who must undoubtedly have been carried thither by some supernatural power, and who, according to the testimony of people who are known to have been in some of those places at the time, must have actually been there in an invisible state. Is it not also commonly a token (as our

cases, by merely looking on the faces of his patients; who can prognosticate the change of manners, the rise of fashions, the downfal of wits, and the decay of beauties;—if such a man is not a conjurer, he is absolutely good for nothing.

I am, &c.

ANTIQUO-MODERNUS.

No. 45. SATURDAY, *December* 10, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

PERHAPS it is vanity in me to suppose, that you have been expecting to hear from me, and it is possible, from my first account of myself, may have supposed that there were very melancholy reasons for my silence. But I am, Sir, thank God! returned to my native country in no worse condition with respect to health, than when I left it. As to peace and happiness, I can't say; my wife thinks her health much the better for our expedition.

Perhaps, Sir, I may in time learn to be

reconciled to noise and disturbance, and forget my old habits of quiet, and care of my health, which my dear deceased friend Dr Doddipoll had taught me. And yet I do not find that my journey has reconciled me much to the change, though I have had some practice in the way of bustle and adventure, as you will find from a short account of our excursion.

As the motive of our journey was professedly the re-establishment of my health, I had reason to imagine that it would be conducted in the manner best suited for that purpose. I had made out a little Pharmacopeia of things necessary to be taken along with us on the road: but, would you believe it, Sir, our new family-physician declared them altogether unnecessary; and our whole medicine-chest was made up of one phial, containing two drachms of spirit of hartshorn, and a bottle holding about as many pounds of

French brandy. But my wife found room in the carriage for her favourite maid, her Spanish lap-dog, and three band boxes. Her monkey, who arrived just before we set out, she was with difficulty prevailed on to leave behind under the care of the housekeeper; an acquaintance indeed who met us a few miles out of town on the road to England, rode up to my wife's side of the carriage, said he supposed Mr Dysoon was following; and pointing to the corner where I was stuck up among the band-boxes, told her he was glad to find she had taken little Master Jackoo along with her.

Though Harrowgate was the place of our destination, yet my wife (who was general of this expedition) thought it might be proper to stop at one of the more private watering-places in Cumberland, to initiate us, as it were, into that sort of life; as young recruits, I am told, are taught to stand their own fire, by first

flashing their muskets in the pan. We accordingly made a halt at one of those places, with the intention of staying some weeks; but we very soon tired of it, as the society was by no means genteel enough for my wife to mix in with any degree of satisfaction.

The only people she would allow us to consort with, were the family of Sir David Dumplin, a London merchant, who had been knighted for his eminence in commerce, who had arrived a few days before us, with his lady and three daughters; and a Captain in the army, who had come thither to recover the fatigues he had suffered during the siege of Gibraltar, and whom Mrs Dy-soon took great delight in hearing recount his adventures. We amused ourselves during our stay by making the other members of the party ridiculous, though they did not want for jokes against us too. They called me and my wife "Death and Sin;" the first I could un-

descend from my feebleness and bad health; but how they applied the second, neither the captain nor I could ever comprehend: they had several jests equally low and unjust against the family of Sir David Dumplin, who they pretended was only a sugar-boiler in Wapping, and had been knighted on occasion of some city address. Sir David himself, to do him justice, behaved in a very civil manner to every body, and, except sometimes when he stood after dinner, never gave the smallest offence to the rest of the company; and as for me, I was always, both in mind and body, inclined to peace and quietness. But Lady Dumplin and her daughters, with my Angelica and the captain, were constantly at war with the other end of the table, which was divided into two hostile and irreconcileable provinces. Their differences might, indeed, have proceeded very disagreeable lengths, had we not contrived to erect a sort of barrier

against hostilities, by placing between them Sir David Dumplin on one side, and a Mrs Dough, wife of a rich baker of Liverpool, on the other, who was naturally of as placid a disposition as Sir David, and had the advantage of being deaf into the bargain. By this politic interposition, the peace was tolerably well preserved; but as the opposite party, the ungenteels, increased daily by new arrivals; and ours, the genteels, got no accession that we were disposed to allow of, the place became at last so disagreeable, and the laugh so much louder against than for us, that we were obliged to leave it a good deal sooner than we intended, and set off for Harrowgate, in company with our allies, the Dumplin family. The captain found it convenient to remain, having previously deserted from us, on some difference with one of the young ladies, and made his peace with the opposite side, through the mediation of the good-natu-

red Mrs Dough, with whom (from being used to speak at the siege of Gibraltar I suppose) he contrived frequently to carry on a conversation.

To Harrowgate our gentility attended us; but it was a little unfortunate in not being universally acknowledged. There were some London people of fashion there, who had seen Sir D. Dumplin before, and such as had never seen us did not immediately perceive in Mrs Dy-soon's face and manner that she had so much good blood in her veins as did actually flow there. This, however, as she was perfectly conscious of it herself, produced numberless bickerings, and at last obliged us to leave the first house we had lodged at, where I had got an excellent quiet apartment, and go to another, where we were much worse accommodated, but where Lady Dumplin and the Hon. Mrs Dy-soon were the first quality of the set. Here she very fortunately supplied the loss of our Gib-

raltar captain, by getting acquainted with an Irish gentleman, Colonel O'Shannon, a relation of ours, our ancestors, as the colonel and Mrs Dy-soon discovered, having intermarried about the year 1300. The colonel still preserved the kindness of a cousin, attended my wife wherever she went, and made us immediately intimate with all the company in the house. But the kindness had very near proved fatal to me. Between the bustle of his numerous introductions, the parties he formed for us at home, and the jaunts he made us take, to see every thing that was to be seen in the neighbourhood, my poor nerves were perfectly overcome; and though my wife was always telling me it was all for my good, I should have certainly died in their hands, had they not at last discovered, that my wife's seeing the sights and taking the exercise would be as much for the benefit of my health, as if I drove about and visited every thing

in my own person; and so I verily believe it might, Mr Lounger, had I been fortunate enough to be left to enjoy quiet, and take care of my health alone. But as my ill-stars would have it, I was generally left to the care of a lady, with whom, from her having the same sort of nervous complaints with myself, I had contracted an intimacy, the dowager of an old gentleman, who had, like me, married his wife for a nurse, and who left her, after a life of happiness as she used to tell me) of eighteen months, in possession of his whole fortune. But then her nerves, she said, had been so shattered by his death, that she could find no enjoyment in any thing in this world. The disorder in her nerves, however, was of a kind extremely different from mine. None of that weakness and relaxation which I had experienced from a child; hers, the physicians said, was an extreme tension and irritability. She kept, it seems, a female attendant, who was of

the greatest use to her in this complaint; but that attendant had died just before her arrival at Harrowgate, and in this unfortunate interval my acquaintance with her began: so she bestowed all her tension and irritability on me. It makes me quake when I think of her, Mr Lounger! and yet, though you will call it very silly, I could not for the life of me shake her off. She had become, I don't know how, a sort of Cicisbea to me by the common consent of our house, and I could not get rid of her without a degree of exertion that my weak constitution was unequal to. But her constitution, as she told us, was always the better for exertion. She exerted it on me with a vengeance. I often thought of the simile of the vulgar people we had left at our last watering-place. Mrs Rasp would have completed Milton's trio to a hair.

I was very thankful when the end of the season made me rid of her, though it

did not restore me to home, or to quiet. Mrs Dy-soon, on looking over the road-book, perceived what a mere step it was from Harrowgate and London, and calculated how much expence was saved by going to the metropolis now when we were more than half of the way from Edinburgh. In this idea she was much encouraged by her cousin, Colonel O'-Shannon, as well as by Lady Dumplin, and half a dozen other ladies who had come from the capital, at whose houses she was to be most agreeably entertained if she went thither. It was in vain that I urged my health, and the danger of a long journey; the journey would do me good, and London was two hundred miles south, which gave it a great advantage, in point of climate, to delicate people like me. So out we set the day after our friends the Dumplins, who were to travel faster (as indeed I am not able to make long journeys,) and kindly undertook to pro-

cure lodgings, and have them ready for our reception.

But their services in that way were anticipated by our good friend Colonel O'Shannon, who travelled faster than any of us, as he generally makes his journeys in the stage-coach for the sake of company, and sometimes even takes a stage or two on the outside to enjoy the air and the prospect. We found on our arrival that he had provided us with a lodging in the house of a country-woman of his, a milliner in the Hay-market, who, he told us, had been reduced by misfortunes to keep a shop, though she was descended from the great O'Neil, and could claim kindred with himself, and most of the noble families in Europe. She was very useful to my wife in letting her know the fashions; and, with her assistance, Mrs Dy-soon contrived to fill I don't know how many band-boxes and trunks, which however, luckily for me,

grew to such a magnitude, as to require half a ship's room to convey them; and so they were sent down to Scotland by sea. As for the Colonel, he was indefatigable in his attentions, and breakfasted, dined, and supped with us almost every day. Indeed, we were the more dependent on his company, as we were disappointed in getting into any other during our five or six weeks stay in town. We never could find any of our Harrowgate acquaintance at home; even the Dumplin family we saw but for two short morning calls at our lodgings; Sir David, indeed, muttered something about our eating a bit of mutton with him; but Lady Dumplin said she was sorry to say that that would be very ill-convenient at their present house, which they were just about changing for one in Bedford-square, where she hoped for the honour of our company at her first rout, which was to be held the 5th of January next. They

told us the town was quite empty at the season when we were there; but I am sure there was noise and bustle enough of all conscience; carts rumbling, coaches rattling, criers bawling, and bells ringing from morning to night, and sometimes, as my poor head felt, all night too. My wife, however, luckily found it very dull, otherwise we should not probably have left it so soon as we did, though not before it had cost us some hundreds of guineas to find out that there was nothing in it worth seeing. Colonel O'Shannon carried us to some sights such as they were; he shewed us the Tower, St Paul's, Bedlam, and the three Bridges; took us to the city Pantheon, the Dog and Duck, and the Swearing-house at Highgate. As for genteel company, he regretted exceedingly that almost all his acquaintance were in the country; but promised that when we came again he would introduce us to a Director of the Bank, a Lord of

the Treasury, and the Master-general of the Ordnance, which last, he assured us, had a very particular friendship for him; but, in his absence, he made us acquainted with a young gentleman, who, he said, was one of that great man's first favourites, and a secretary in his office; an appointment which the Colonel had procured for him. My wife was very solicitous to cultivate Mr M'Phelim's acquaintance, on account of two nephews of hers who are in the army, to whom the Colonel and he have promised their interest; and we have the greater reason to rely on their friendship, as the Colonel and his friend did us the honour of accepting a loan of 200l. from me (which Mr M'Phelim wanted to make up a sum in the absence of the Master-general of the Ordnance) on their joint security.

Not long after this transaction we left London, and I found it some comfort, after all my distresses and disturbances,

to find myself again safe and sound in my native country. Not that I am free of the disquiet of my journey; it rings in my ears still in the narration of my wife, who has such talents for description, that, if I had not witnessed the circumstances, I should have supposed Sir D. Dumplin to be a knight of the garter, Colonel O'Shannon a lieutenant-general, and his friend Mr M'Phelim a privy-counsellor. She makes all our acquaintance take notice how much better I am for Harrowgate, though, in fact, I never drank a drop of the water, and, except the company of Mrs Rasp, took no sort of drug whatever. I must confess, however, that I am no worse on the whole, and am not near so much afraid of dying as before I was married. I am, &c.

JEREMIAH DY-SOON.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] consider himself as [illegible] with [illegible] of gratu- [illegible] to pay them the [illegible] with the free- [illegible] the cordiality of [illegible] in the life of a periodical es- [illegible] a considerable [illegible] that part of the world in which [illegible] has then had an op- [illegible] in all its different si- [illegible] has seen it in the hurry [illegible] in the heyday of amuse- [illegible] in the quiet of the country; and

he now attends it in its course of Christmas festivity and holiday merriment.

Yet I know not how it is, that amidst the gratulations and festivity of this returning season, I am sometimes disposed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain seriousness of mind not well suited to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me with an eye of thought, and to impress, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wish me many happy years.

As men advance in life, the great divisions of time may indeed furnish matter for serious reflection, as he who counts the money he has spent, naturally thinks of how much a smaller sum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is less from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this "mood of pensiveness." In my hours of thoughtful indolence, I am not apt to conjure up

phantoms of the future; it is a milder sort of melancholy that I sometimes indulge in recalling the shades of the past. To this perhaps the Lounger's manner and habits of life naturally incline him. To him leisure gives frequent occasion to review his time, and to compare his thoughts. By the Lounger a few ideas, natural and congenial to his mind, are traced through all their connections; while the man of professional industry and active pursuit has many that press upon him in succession, and are quickly dismissed. He who lives in a crowd gains an extensive acquaintance, but little intimacy; the man who possesses but a few friends, enjoys them much, and thinks of them often.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance or feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time

and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends; so objects, to which when present we give but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn still closer, and we recal them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghosts of our departed affections are seen through that softening medium, which, though it dims their brightness, does not impair their attraction; like the shade of Dido appearing to Æneas,

> " Agnovitque per umbram
> Obscuram; qualem primo qui surgere mense
> Aut videt, aut vidisse putat, per nubila lunam;
> Demisit lacrymas, dulcique affatus amore est."

The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the

course of a brook, which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building, which we remember almost entire; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment, fade and disappear.

Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worship it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness, as well as to our virtue.

An amiable and ingenious philosopher has remarked, that in castle-building no man is a villain.* In like manner it may

* Dr Reid, in his "Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man."

perhaps be pronounced, that every man is virtuous in recollection; he rests with peculiar satisfaction on the remembrance of such actions as are most congenial to the better parts of his nature, on such pleasures as were innocent, on such designs as were laudable. It were well if, amidst the ardour of pursuit, or the hopes of gratification, we sometimes considered that the present will be future, as well as that the future will be present, that we anticipated reflection as well as enjoyment. Not only in those greater and more important concerns, which are what Shakespeare calls "Stuff o' the conscience," but in the lesser and more trivial offices of life, we should be more apt to conduct ourselves aright, did we think that we were one day to read the drama in which we now perform, and that of ourselves, and the other personages of the scene, we were to judge with a critical severity.

This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would hunt the angry and disordant passions that often prey on our own quiet, as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is so hard of heart as to feel himself an enemy over the grave of his foe; and the remembrance of contests, however just, with those who are now no more, comes across an ingenuous mind with a sort of self-accusation. The progress of time, though it may not have swept our adversaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumstances such as to allay, if not to extinguish, our resentment. Prosperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have soothed our anger into quiet, or softened it to pity. The lessons of time may have taught us, what wisdom or prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the struggle of the contest,

that we mistook the value of the prize, or did injustice to the motives of our competitors; or perhaps we have altered those sentiments in which we were formerly so warm, and forsaken those tenets we were once so positive to maintain. The hand of time, imperceptible in its touch, steals the colour from our opinions; and, like those who look on faded pictures, we wonder at having formerly been struck with their force.

Though it is wisely ordered by Providence, that we should not pause in the pursuits of life to think of its shortness, or undervalue every attainment from the uncertainty of its duration when attained; yet such a consideration may fairly enough mitigate a blameable eagerness in the chace, or a blameable depression from its disappointment. I was very well pleased with the philosophy of an old soldier, whom I once met with in the environs of London,

leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than soliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me, not without some importunity on my part, the hardships and the dangers he had encountered; the number of his campaigns, the obstinacy of his engagements, the length of his sieges; "yet I failed in getting Chelsea," said he, "because I was rendered incapable of the service in consequence of a rheumatism contracted in a winter encampment; and, more than all that, because my wife, somehow or other, had disobliged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the saying is; and, thanks to such as your honour, I can make shift to live. It is true, I have seen others get halberts, ay, and commissions too, that were not better men than myself; but that don't signify. It will be all the same an hundred years hence." Without all the happy stoicism of the sol-

dier, we may often sooth the pangs of envy, and the pinings of discontent, by the consideration of that period, when they shall cease to disquiet, when time shall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

Nor will this philosophy of time convey a less important lesson to the successful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and restrain the wanton or useless exertions of the powerful. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a succession of envied possessors of wealth and influence, whose luxury a thousand flatterers were wishing to share, whose favour a crowd of dependents were striving to obtain. Let those who now occupy their place, attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of those favours bestowed. Let them cast up the

[illegible] which was produced by the [illegible] of gratitude or self-satisfaction [illegible] by the other. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power [illegible], let them think how long that elevation can endure, how far that power can extend. Let them consider if how short a space the influence of their [illegible] has ceased to be felt, how [illegible] their appointments have made room for the appointments of others; how few of their dependents and favourites survive, and of those few how very small a part acknowledge their benefactor. If some of the actions of such eminent persons there are, which the world still remembers with approbation, and individuals own with gratitude, they are probably such as, in this review of the past, it will be useful for their successors to observe and to imitate. Those have obtained a victory over time, which is the noblest ex-

citement and animation to virtue; that honest fame of which the consciousness gives its highest enjoyment to the present, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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